

CHILDREN'S CHANCE TO START BANKING ACCOUNTS

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

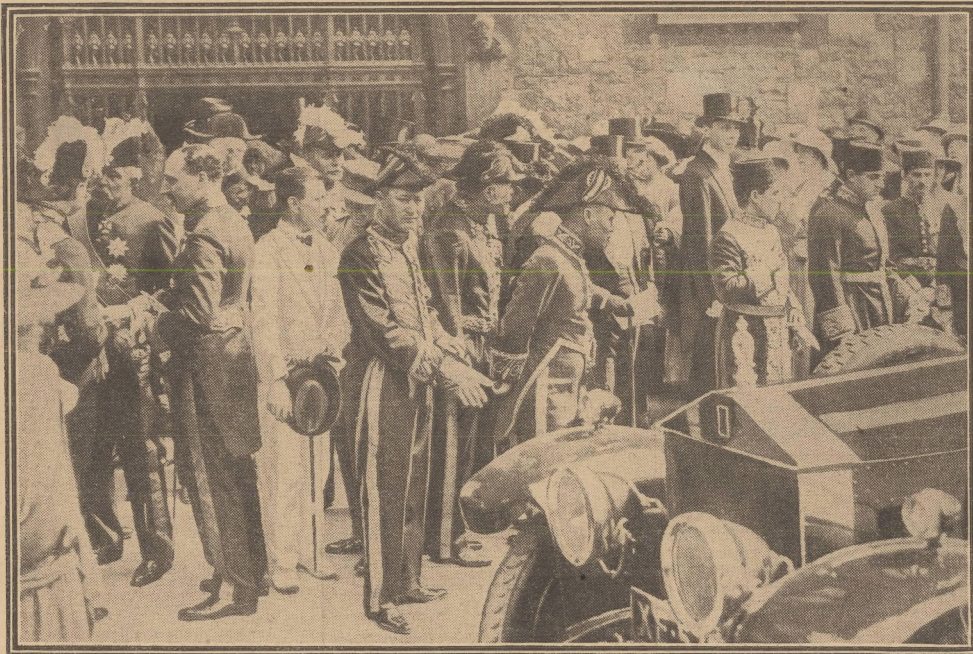
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One Penny.

GREAT ABBEY SERVICE FOR PRESIDENT HARDING



All nations were represented yesterday at the memorial service in Westminster Abbey to President Warren Harding.



Colonel Sir H. Streatfeild represented Queen Alexandra at the service.



The Duke of York, who represented the King, and (following him) Mr. Post Wheeler, American Chargé d'Affaires.



Count de Saint-Aulaire, French Ambassador, and his wife.



Lord Robert Cecil leaving the Abbey after the service.



Sir Mirza Davood Khan (centre), the Persian Minister, and (behind him) the Afghan envoy, Sardar Abdul Hathi Khan.

A great gathering of Americans, who are visiting England, assembled with representatives of nearly every other nation at Westminster Abbey yesterday for the memorial service to Mr. Warren Harding, the late President of the United States. The Duke of

York attended for the King, and other members of the Royal Family were represented. The service was distinguished by its simplicity—a characteristic, also, of the President's funeral yesterday at Marion, Ohio.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

MONEY-BOX HINT FOR CHILDREN.

"Daily Mirror's" £25,000 Thrift Scheme.

BEGIN TO-DAY.

Kiddies' Chance to Start Banking Account.

Bundles of Certificates are already beginning to arrive from energetic youngsters keen on securing some of the handsome gifts offered in connection with *The Daily Mirror's* great £25,000 thrift scheme.

Every boy and girl under the age of fifteen has a chance of securing a share of this huge sum of money, and the conditions are perfectly simple and easy.

There is no entrance fee, no guessing, no registration. All that is required is to collect as many as possible of the Children's Savings Certificates, one of which appears each day in the right-hand corner of the back picture page of *The Daily Mirror*.

In return the sender will receive either cash or one or more money-earning National Savings Certificates. Cash payments have been posted to all of those who have sent in Certificates.

CUT THEM OUT.

Certificates on Back Page of "Daily Mirror" That Mean Money.

The primary object of the scheme is to encourage early habits of thrift.

Everybody can help the youngsters to collect Certificates, and in this way stimulate the incentive to save.

Within the last few years the Government has slowly recognised that thrift was a virtue to be cultivated in the young.

The National Savings Committee has been the means of bringing about the acceptance of the fact that the formation of habits of thrift is an important part of our national education. *The Daily Mirror's* £25,000 thrift scheme could prove a most useful auxiliary to the efforts which schoolteachers and others are making in this direction.

Every reader of *The Daily Mirror*—and they run into millions every week—can help the youngsters to collect Certificates. If you are unmarried or have no children of your own, don't waste the coupon.

Cut it out and give it to some child. It represents money.

GO ON COLLECTING.

For a bundle of ninety-six of these Certificates *The Daily Mirror* will give one shilling and for 192 two shillings.

The great thing, however, is not to be content with gaining a small gift, but to collect as many Certificates as possible and secure something much more valuable.

These are in the form of money-making National Savings Certificates. This is what has to be done—

For 1,488 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	16s.
1 National Savings Certificate	
For 2,980 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	£1:12
2 National Savings Certificates	
For 4,400 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	£2:8
5 National Savings Certificates	
For 5,800 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	£3:4
1 National Savings Certificate	

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

Remember that in five years each National Savings Certificate will be worth £1, and in ten years £16s.

The Daily Mirror's £25,000 scheme is, therefore, a direct incentive to thrift, and parents and guardians and, in fact, every adult person, should help the children all they can.

August is the great holiday month. The schools are closed, and boys and girls are free from the cares of lessons.

The Daily Mirror scheme gives them a splendid opportunity. By collecting certificates they can spend a most profitable holiday and start the saving habit.

Begin the collecting habit to-day.

(Continued on page 15.)

THE QUEEN AND A WHALE

"Snapped" by Visitors Beside Famous Isle of Wight Skeleton.

During a visit to Blackgang Chine, a favourite Isle of Wight beauty spot near Ventnor, yesterday, the Queen passed through the skeleton of a whale captured many years ago, and then stood beside it while other visitors took her photograph.

Owing to the funeral of President Harding, the King did not race at Cowes yesterday.

RAIL PASSENGERS' WALK.

Passengers completed their journey on foot yesterday when trains from coast towns were held up at the busiest part of the day near Middleburgh. A number of goods wagons became derailed and tore up the track.

CLAIM BY 5 "WIVES."

Fight for Bandit Chief's Buried Treasure.

"ARMY OF CHILDREN."

The appearance of five "widows" to claim the estate of Francesco Pancho Villa, the bandit chief who was killed by his own supporters a short while ago, seems to have raised a knotty legal problem that will require much tact.

The fight for the estate, says a Reuters Mexico message, promises as much excitement as the search for the 7,000,000 pesos which Villa is generally supposed to have buried in the neighbourhood of Parral.

Reports from Chihuahua say Villa had a presentation of death several weeks before his assassination, and wrote to several of his "wives" promising them shares in his estate.

Thus five "wives" and a small army of children have filed claims in addition to his brother, Hipolito, and his sister, Mariana.

The Attorney-General of Mexico City stated yesterday that President Obregon had received a letter purporting to be signed by a member of the Lower House of the Legislature, confessing that he led the band which killed Villa, and adding that Villa was murdered to avenge his numerous victims.



General Villa.

BECKETT IN A HURRY.

Fined £5 and Has His Licence Endorsed for Dangerous Driving.

When, at Andover, yesterday, Joe Beckett, the boxer, was fined £5 and had his licence endorsed for dangerous driving at Bullington Cross, it was stated that when his car was stopped Beckett said to the police: "Is that all you have to do—get round corners? That is dirty work. I do my work in the open." Beckett's speed was estimated at thirty miles an hour.

SHATTERED HONEYMOON

Pretty Wife Asks Court's Advice About Husband Who Disappeared.

A pretty young woman from Regent's Park asked the Marylebone magistrate yesterday for advice about her husband. She was married a month ago, she said, and a week later her husband mysteriously disappeared.

"Why, the honeymoon was only half over," remarked Mr. d'Eyncourt.

Asked why she thought he had left her, she raised her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders. She "didn't know in the least," he said not to worry, she just went.

"Did we get on well during that one week? Oh yes, quite all right. We were quite happy." The Magistrate, expressing his sympathy with her, suggested that probably her husband would come back, and advised her if he did not to find out where he was and take proceedings against him.

MONKEY'S GAS TRICK.

Turns On Stove, but Escapes Death by Sticking Nose in Corner.

Jimmy, a young monkey, presented by a departing tenant to a maid in a New York hotel-house, opened the jet of a gas stove while his mistress was sleeping, says Reuters.

Instead of lying down to die when the room became filled with gas, Jimmy dropped into a corner and stuck his nose to the ground, thus escaping the effects of the gas. The gas escape was traced to the maid's room, and the door was forced.

The woman was found unconscious, but the monkey was in no worse affected.

EVE OF "THE TWELFTH."

Trains Duplicated from King's Cross in Rush to Grouse Moors.

"The Twelfth" falling to-morrow, the opening of the grouse shooting season will be celebrated on Monday.

Of three London termini from which sportsmen travel to the Northern moors, only one—King's Cross—has so far experienced any phenomenal rush of bookings. All trains to Inverness and other districts of Scotland were duplicated last night.

Bookings from Euston were fairly heavy and additional trains were put on.

"DISGUISED AS AN AMERICAN."

A detective disguised as an American, says a Press Association report, bought two bottles of whisky and saw drunken Fins wrestling in a refreshment room at Liverpool.

Fines and costs of £2135 were imposed yesterday on a partially blind and paralysed Russian, his daughter, son-in-law, and girl assistant for selling drinks without a licence.

COMEDY OF A LISP.

Teacher's Story of Cure That Failed.

DOCTORING DIALECTS.

Many amusing stories were told to the members of the Teachers' Vacation Course in the Connaught Rooms yesterday by Mr. Frank Jones, who spoke on "Dialect" and on "Self-Expression."

There was, he said, no such thing as standard English. A cultured Scotsman was naturally different from a cultured Englishman, and it would be ridiculous to try and turn a Scotsman into an Englishman. The same thing applied to the Irishman and the Welshman. What they wanted to do was to get rid of town peculiarities which were social in their bearing. This was what teachers should strive to do.

Illustrating differences in pronunciation in London and Birmingham, Mr. Jones had the assistance of a mixed class of young children. Noticing that one of the boys lisped he told how one of his pupils in Birmingham, having difficulty with the letter "s," he promised him that if he succeeded in overcoming the trouble within a month he would excuse him and the whole of his class from home lessons.

At the end of the month the boy was able to say "Susie sewed shirts for soldiers" quite satisfactorily, said Mr. Jones, "whereupon I said to him, 'Splendid, you are cured, aren't you?' and the boy replied 'I think the, thir'."

Mr. Jones gave some mirth-provoking instances of faulty phrasing in composition.

A boy once wrote: "The jockey lost two of his teeth when the horse fell and had to be destroyed." (Laughter.)

One of his own boys in an essay on the war, writing of the old boys, stated: "Those that did not go to the war married, but the stronger ones got up a Rugby football team."

A boy in a chemistry class wrote: "Chlorine gas is very injurious to the human body, and the following experiments should therefore only be performed on the teacher."

PETITION FOR MASON.

Over 60,000 People Ask for Reprieve of Taxicab Murderer.

Over 60,000 signatures have been affixed to the public petition for the reprieve of Alexander Mason, a man sentenced to death for the Brixton taxicab murder.

The petition was presented to the Home Secretary yesterday by Mason's solicitor, Mr. R. H. Blinkhorn. He was accompanied by Mr. John Robertson, M.P. for Bothwell (Glasgow's native town), who last week presented to Mr. Bridgeman the petition signed by M.P.s.

WOUNDED GIRL.

Letter to Accused Sweetheart That She "Would Like to End It."

Reserving his defence and pleading not guilty, Leopold B. Knibbs was sent for trial at Windsor yesterday on the charge of wounding Margaret Mary Robson, a girl who had been his sweetheart.

Miss Robson stated that during their courtship there was a time when both she and Knibbs wanted to get married, and there was also a time when she did not want to marry him, but he wanted to marry her.

On one occasion Knibbs threatened to strangle her. She did not agree that they used to play together and said, "Well, we will strangle each other."

She had written a letter, "I feel horribly miserable and would like to end it, but I can't. I am too frightened." She had told Knibbs she would like to drown herself, but not before he had told her he would drown himself.

3 MOTOR-CAR TRAGEDIES

Pensive Clerk Walks in Front of Vehicle—Little Girl's Escape.

That he walked in front on an oncoming motor-car while deep in thought was the suggestion made at a Westminster inquest yesterday on Albert Bourne, driver of a motor-car, who was killed in the Mall.

For three hours previous to the tragedy, it was stated, Bourne stayed at the Stafford Hotel, St. James' Place, S.W., drinking, but was perfectly sober when he fell at ten o'clock. Accidental death was the verdict.

At the inquest at Westminster yesterday on Winifred Norris, four, of Marlborough-buildings, who was knocked down and killed in Walton-street by a motor-car, it was stated by eye-witnesses that had not the driver pulled up smartly the little girl's playmate, who was holding her hand at the time, would also have been killed. Verdict—Accidental death, and the driver was exonerated.

Alice Morgan, of Newbridge (Mon.), and a little boy were knocked down by a taxicab while walking in a main street of Newport (Mon.) on Thursday. The woman died later.

ST. DUNSTAN'S PRIZES.

The winning numbers in connection with St. Dunstan's Ballroom Day, Clacton-on-Sea, on August Bank Holiday, are:—141, 492, 901, 359, 3, 59, 7. Holders of these numbers should send tickets and apply to Miss Ashby, St. Dunstan's representative, Danbury Lodge, Clacton-on-Sea.

GIRL VANISHES FROM LONDON.

Strange Story of Law Student's Fiancee.

MYSTERY 'VISITOR.'

Charming Girl Who Suddenly Became Unhappy.

What is the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Miss Phyllis Lester from a house in Guilford-street, Bloomsbury?

Miss Lester was supposed to be a student of Pitman's School in Southampton-row, but inquiries there fail to prove that she was. Recently she became engaged to a young law student, who prevailed upon her to take up residence in the house of his coach, a well-known lawyer.

Miss Lester vanished on July 23 after announcing that she was going to collect a remittance from her father at Australia House.

OUT ALL NIGHT.

Girl Says She Was in Lift Accident After Non-Appearance at Lodgings.

Miss Lester and her fiancé had known each other only a few months, and their engagement was announced some time ago.

The law student met his fiancée when she was living in apartments in Greville-street, in the same district.

He prevailed upon her to stay at the apartments of his coach in Guilford-street.

"She went away in a taxi-cab, attired in a pink frock, white silk stockings and white shoes," the sister of the coach of the girl's fiancé told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"Both my brother and I took a strong interest in the girl. She always seemed to be happy, until within a day or two of her disappearance."

"She had been told by the coach of the girl's fiancé where she had been staying in Greville-street, and that, in fact, she was £4 in debt to her landlord."

"A CHARMING GIRL."

"My brother advanced the money and invited her to stay with us, and she came to live with us. Both my brother and I found her a charming and attractive girl."

"Then strange things began to happen. It had been arranged that she and I should go down to a cottage which we own at Cuffley on Friday, July 18."

"That night Miss Lester was out all night."

"She arrived home about midday on Saturday, announcing that she had tumbled in the lift at Belsize Park tube station; that she had been carried out on to the pavement, and conveyed home to friends who live near by."

I were out, I am sure that Miss Lester had a visitor to tea, though she strenuously denied this.

"The fact remains that, after visiting her old lodgings for letters, and apparently collecting one with yellow foreign stamps, she went off to Australia House to get her father's remittance."

"What makes her disappearance the more mysterious is the fact that she has left most of her goods and chattels—frocks and so forth—behind."

Scotland Yard are investigating the case.

WOMEN SCALDED.

Sixteen Injured When Motor-Bus Crashes Into Road Barrier.

Turning a corner, a motor-bus skidded and collided with a concrete mixer, smashing the boiler, says a New York Central News cable.

All the bus windows were broken, and sixteen women passengers were badly scalded by escaping steam. Three are not expected to recover.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lighting-up time to-day is 9.30 p.m.

Cool, Anyway.—The Argentine swimmer Marcel will attempt the Channel swim to-day.

Killed by Hears.—Jumping off a tram, Michael Cheetham was killed by a motor-hears at Wigan.

New Archdruid.—The Rev. Elvet Lewis of London, was yesterday elected Archdruid of Wales.

Lady Hodge Dead.—Lady Hodge, wife of Sir Rowland Hodge, died yesterday at Chipstead-place, Sevenoaks.

Death Ends Search.—Seeking work at Tavistock-street, Labour Exchange, William J. Wenham, sixty-nine, of Toxteth, fell dead.

High Speed Seaplane.—Lieutenant Gurton, flying the seaplane NW2, attained a speed of 185 miles an hour at Philadelphia yesterday.

Day of Memory.—The Prince of Wales will unveil the Seaford Highlanders' Memorial at Port George on August 22—the anniversary of the first day that British troops were in action in France in 1914.

Colour in Sickroom.—Mr. W. R. Dykes, secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, informs us that the statements concerning the value of colour in the sickroom attributed to him by this paper were made by another member of the society—Mr. C. H. Dyke.

STRIKES SPREADING TO ALL PARTS OF GERMANY

Fears of Another Revolution Among Workers
Angered by Industrial Dictatorship.

PRINTERS STOP PAPER MONEY.

British Note to France and Belgium To Be Handed
to Ambassadors in London To-day.

While a lull is likely in the reparations negotiations till France and Belgium have considered the new British Note, there is a possibility of grave developments in Germany.

Angered by the trickery of the industrialists and financiers, who have made the mark worthless and put food prices beyond control, the workers all over the country are showing increasing restlessness. There are even fears of another revolution. Berlin is without underground trains and newspapers owing to strikes—which also stopped the printing of money—and there are 12,000 shipyard workers idle in Hamburg, in addition to other stoppages elsewhere. Shops have been pillaged, and several conflicts have occurred with the police.

Britain's Note to the Allies will be delivered to the Ambassadors to-day, and the publication of documents by the Government is expected on Monday.

NO NEWSPAPERS OR TUBE HEAT WAVE PAUSES FOR TRAINS IN BERLIN.

12,000 Idle in Shipyards at
Hamburg—Grave Situation.

CONFLICTS WITH POLICE.

Reports from all parts of Germany yesterday, cables the Central News from Berlin, show that unrest among the workers is increasing alarmingly—so much so that in political circles fears were not concealed that a revolution may break out as suddenly as the one of November, 1918.

Shipyard owners at Hamburg have dismissed their workers on account of Communistic activities.

Altogether 12,000 men are idle, and the position is regarded as grave.

In Berlin the strike movement is spreading rapidly, and the authorities are grave concern to the authorities and the Government.

Work stopped on the underground railways owing to the dismissal of three men, and a ballot of printers resulted in a great majority for a strike.

NO NEWSPAPERS.

The threat was put into execution, with the result that no newspapers were published yesterday except those controlled by the Socialist and Communist parties.

Bank-note printers also refused to work, with the result that the note presses had to be closed down.

It is feared the strike will spread to all the municipal services and to factories.

Vegetable growers at Aix-la-Chapelle have been invaded by angry crowds, who raided the stalls, stealing fruit and other garden produce. At Burgiers, in Belgian occupied territory, a large group of armed Communists started helping themselves to potatoes and vegetable crops.

The German authorities dispatched five motor-cars containing police, and several arrests were made.

CONFLICT WITH POLICE.

Tramwaymen at Crefeld have gone on strike over wages, and a strike broke out at the Flander Trave works at Luebeck.

The workers held a demonstration, and in a conflict with the police several people were injured.

A one-day strike protest by the Berlin shops against measures injurious to trade is to be followed by a strike on a large scale next week. Shops throughout Germany will be closed.

Agreement has been reached between representatives of German commerce, industry and agriculture regarding guarantees for a 500,000,000 gold marks (£25,000,000) loan. Subscriptions will be opened on August 15.

German marks were quoted in London yesterday at 200,000,000 to the £ and after opening at 14,000,000.

The Berlin Government has issued a decree prohibiting German citizens to sell marks abroad as these sales are considered to have a detrimental effect on the exchange.

NOTE TO ALLIES TO-DAY.

Publication of British Documents
Expected on Monday.

The British Note to France and Belgium will be dispatched to-day, and the respective Ambassadors in London in time to be delivered before the publication of the British documents on Monday.

Lord Curzon, after handing the Notes to the Ambassadors in London to-day, will go abroad for a holiday, and with the Premier away in Worcestershire—there are unlikely to be any developments for a week or two.

Very Warm Week-End in
South Predicted by Experts.

SEASIDE MUCH COOLER.

TO-DAY'S FORECAST.—More settled in North; fine and very warm over week-end in South; light winds in S.E. England.

The heat wave abated slightly yesterday—though only slightly—and the highest temperature was only 75 degrees in the shade and 107 in the sun in London, compared with 81 degrees in the shade and 124 in the sun the day before.

A cool breeze swept the sun-baked streets. At the Southern seaside resorts, also, it was noticeably cooler. At Eastbourne, where the mercury stood at 70 deg., it was very cloudy, and at Torquay it was a mere 67 deg.

Despite this relief, it was still very hot, and The Daily Mirror, learning that the top of the Monument was the coolest place in London, armed itself with a thermometer and went there.

Arrived at the last of the 345 steps, one feels the sun blazing down merrily on one's head, not a bit less than it does when one is on the ground.

A long wait with the thermometer decided The Daily Mirror that it was exactly 1 deg. less on top.

Coloured glasses are being worn by many people as a protection against the blinding sun. Collapsed Through Heat.—While cycling along a street in Kingston-on-Thames, Harold Head, fifteen, collapsed and was taken to hospital. It was certified that he was suffering from heat exhaustion.

ONLOOKERS STOP CAR.

Cry Raised Near Regent-street—
Motorist Fined.

How men mounted the running boards of a car in order to stop it was described at Marlborough-street yesterday, when Hamilton Murray Ingledew was charged with being drunk while in charge of a motor-car, failing to stop after an accident and driving without lights. Ingledew's car, it was stated, struck the back of a stationary car outside Murray's Club and went on.

Towards Regent-street a cry was raised by many of the onlookers, and the motorist did not stop they gave chase. It was owing to their action that the car was stopped by men who mounted the running boards.

Mr. Preke Palmer, defending, said Ingledew went to sea at thirteen and joined up when fifteen. As a midshipman he fought off Heligoland.

The magistrate said the defendant must pay 40s. on the first charge and two guineas costs, £5 for driving in a dangerous manner, a shilling for driving without lights and a shilling for failing to stop. His licence would be endorsed, and he would be disqualified from driving for six months.

BETTER THAN COALMINING.

Another party of ten Lancashire coalminers left Liverpool yesterday aboard the Canadian Pacific liner Montcalm for the gold mines at Timmins, Ontario. The Hollinger gold mines have attracted many Lancashire miners to Northern Ontario, and the men are already becoming prosperous.



Lord Balfour, whom illness debar from keeping his engagements, and Lt. Col. Alexander M.P., who had a slight operation for eye-strain.

DEAD MAN IN CHEST FROM MISSING U.S. OIL TANKER.

Feared Loss of Boat with Her
Crew of Thirty.

WRECKAGE PICKED UP.

PANAMA, Friday.

It is feared that the American oil tanker Swiftstar, which left Colon on June 13 for Fall River with a crew of thirty, has been lost at sea.

Wreckage has been found by mariners of San Andres Island marked with the vessel's name, together with an ice-chest marked Swiftstar, containing the body of a man.—Reuter.

Sailing Girls Upset.—The Misses Garton, when out sailing with some friends at Cowes, were thrown into the sea through their small boat capsizing. The girls managed to keep afloat and laughed and joked until they were rescued by a motor-launch.

BEQUEST TO ELLEN TERRY.

Glasgow Woman Leaves £50 and
Revenue of £1,200 to Actress.

Mrs. Nora Watson, of 27, La Crossy-terrace, Glasgow, has bequeathed £50 to Miss Ellen Terry and also the annual revenue of £1,200. She left £40 to the Actors' Orphanage, London.

FREE DRINKS TUSSE.

Catch-as-Catch-Can for Liquor
Washed Up from Sea.

More than 200 cases of real liquor were recently washed ashore at Long Beach and seized by hotel guests in a frantic catch-as-catch-can contest, says a Reuter New York message. It is believed that a rum-runner threw the consignment overboard at the approach of coastguard cutters, or that the liquor had been hidden under the sea and had dragged its moorings.

IMPRISONED UNDER CAR.

Motorists Wait Beneath Overturned
Vehicle Until Help Arrives.

While a Grimsby butcher, Mr. T. C. Corrigan, was motoring with two women at Tetney yesterday the steering column broke and the car turned over, imprisoning the three beneath.

Fortunately it did not catch fire, and when help arrived the car was jacked up and the motorists were liberated, bruised and shaken, but not seriously hurt. The car was badly damaged.

DOLE BEFORE WORK.

Man Loses Money by Taking Small
Job—Curious Regulation.

"It appears to me that this sort of regulation discourages men from looking for work." So said the Tottenham magistrate when a Labour Ministry representative stated yesterday that if a man earned any money at all he was not entitled to out-of-work pay on the day he earned it.

A man who was summoned by the Ministry did three hours' work and earned 3s., and failed to notify the Labour Exchange. Had he done so he would have drawn no dole that day and would have been out of pocket as a result.

The magistrate said the Ministry ought at least to pay the man the difference between what he earned and what the Exchange would have paid him had he declined the work.

£50 HIDDEN IN BIBLE.

A man who bought an old Bible from a stall in Farringdon-street, E.C., found five £10 notes concealed in the pages. A Watworth woman, it was reported yesterday, bought a straw hat for sixpence and found six Treasury notes hidden in the lining.

LONDON'S TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT HARDING.

Moving Scenes at Abbey
Memorial Service.

WOMEN IN TEARS.

American Visitors Mourn
Nation's Dead Chief.

Long before the memorial service to President Harding was due to start in Westminster Abbey yesterday the great building was crowded, and many who wished to pay their last tribute to the dead statesman were being turned away.

Side by side sat famous diplomats, great soldiers and Americans of all classes, all obviously moved.

The King was represented by the Duke of York, the Prince of Wales by Major-General Trotter, and Queen Alexandra by Sir Henry Streetfield.

When the first chords of Mendelssohn's Funeral March crashed through the Abbey there was not a space unfilled in the whole building.

Very reverently Americans in London—and many who had come over especially from Paris—had taken their seats, the ticket holders almost as early as those who made for the nave by the West door, which had been thrown open to the general public.

SPLASH OF SCARLET.

Under the lantern and in stalls were British statesmen and representatives from all the Embassies. Lord Robert Cecil was obviously deeply touched. Viscount Alldredge was near by with Mr. Edward Marsh, who represented Mr. Winston Churchill.

There was a sudden splash of scarlet as Sir Henry Streetfield came to the aisle, preceded by two vergers, and then the whole congregation moved to their feet as the Duke of York, in the blue of the Air Force, came silently in.

Then came the first treble notes of the choir boys, "I am the Resurrection and the Life saith the Lord."

After the singing of the hymn "Lead, Kindly Light," in which the congregation joined, Canon Carnegie delivered an address, brief but impressive.

"It is fitting that in this church, which is the central shrine of our parent lineage, Americans and Britishers should unite in giving religious expression to the sentiments of mutual goodwill and sympathy and solicitude which are aroused.

HIS LIFE'S WORK.

"President Harding's life work does not fail to satisfy us. His intellectual ability, his oratorical skill, his foresight as a statesman, his sense as a legislator or administrator, these are matters about which different estimates will be formed, varying with the predilections or prejudices of those who form them, but as to his sincerity, his straightforwardness, his honesty, his invincible rectitude, his generosity, his kindly sympathy, all who knew him are agreed. "A great Englishman asked that on his grave should be inscribed the words, 'Here lies a man who tried to do his duty.' President Harding was such a man."

Many women in deep mourning broke down during the service. Many grey-haired men remained standing throughout the service, and on their faces was written the loss of a friend.

An Irish-American of the lower classes had brought a small girl in a new black hat and black ribbons on her shabby yellow frock. As the faint thrub of the undertone of Beethoven's Funeral March, "March of a Hero" reverberated through the Abbey and died gradually away, and the throng came out into the sun-light, many voiced the feeling that another bond had been forged between the English-speaking nations on both sides of the world.

Scottish Tribute.—A memorial service was also held yesterday in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. Many American visitors were present, as well as members of the town council and of the Senate of the University, who wore their official robes.

SIMPLE FUNERAL.

Dead President Buried as a Private
Citizen—No Military Display.

Just as the afternoon shadows began to lengthen President Harding was laid to rest with a marked simplicity at his home town of Marion.

A prayer in the parlour of his father's home, a cortege to the vault in the cemetery, the reading of Scriptures and the singing by a choir of "Lead, kindly Light"—that was all, says Reuter.

The cortege with the widow, other members of the family, President Coolidge, Cabinet Ministers and other notables passed through an avenue made up of thousands of townspeople and visitors who had come to Marion from far and near.

There was no military display, but merely a procession to the grave such as might be made in honour of any ordinary citizen.

During the time of the ceremony railways, telegraphs and telephones throughout the country ceased work for a few minutes, shops and businesses were everywhere closed for the day.

THE FIGHT FOR THE ENTENTE

A REMARKABLE ARTICLE BY
LOVAT FRASER

APPEARS EXCLUSIVELY IN
TO-MORROW'S
SUNDAY PICTORIAL

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY

LADIES' BOUDOIR

VELVET PYJAMAS—SILVER AND SCARLET.

IT'S very curious, but just as we're prepared for very quiet, out-of-door clothes this autumn with our browns and maroons, dull reds, black and navy, indoor clothes (the kind no one's supposed to see us in, but we always manage that they do) are getting gayer and more colourful.

PETUNIA AND JADE.

What do you say to a pyjama gown of petunia-coloured velvet lined with jade green, brocade and adorned with tassels of gold metal that sweep the floor? This is one of the latest models France has sent over and it's supposed to be donned on do-nothing evenings when you love to lounge unobscured in your own room. Well, for cool comfort give me my little silk kimono!

BRIDESMAIDS' VEILS.

There were one or two pretty frocks to be seen at Winnie Melville's wedding, though the vivid pink crinolines worn by the bridesmaids took the colour out of all the others. They were composed of narrow rows of net, and they wore pink bridal veils and wreaths instead of hats, which is a much prettier idea. The nicest toilettes were of black satin, either one-piece dresses or little coats and skirts, and this is going to be the smartest autumn wear.

AT COWES.

White pleated frocks with hardly any sleeves and just a monogrammed patch pocket by way of adornment have been the general wear at Cowes. Sometimes they've been accompanied by short reefers coats of scarlet or vivid blue. At night you

tie up your head with a piece of scarlet galon and wear matching flowers on your silver lame dress or forming a collar to the cloak, and you substitute silver shoes with red heels for the red kid sandals which have looked so piquant and dashing against the green smoothness of the lawn. For smart promenade wear very short black kid gloves edged with narrow frills of red are considered just the thing.

NEW FOOTWEAR.

Everyone is wearing these little round - footed, low-heeled shoes and I am wondering if they are going to extend to the ballroom. I have seen them in satin, patent velvet, suede and brocade, with extra special gold and silver ones for the bedroom. They usually have a little round button on the toe stitched in silk or a flattened posy or two and they look quite pretty and appealing.

SCENTED CUSHIONS.

Another charming fancy is for scented cushions in your favourite room. You dry some flower petals in the same way as though you were going to make a pot-pourri. Then you buy some ordinary vegetable down and mix the perfumed petals with it before you fill the silk cases, sometimes adding a little musk. Then for a "deep sleep and a sweet dream." Our grandmothers used to use these fire-ones and use this as a pillow filling mixed with crushed lavender, and it was supposed to bring fragrant thoughts and beautiful, restful sleep. I wonder where grannies learned all their pretty wisdom!

PHILLIDA.



A black satin afternoon frock has the skirt out in panels each edged with ruffy brown rabbit fur.



A Summer Dining Table

set in the shade of a friendly tree. A light meal of salads and fruits - awaiting happy folk, soon to return from tennis court and cricket field. Rich, creamy Cerebos Custard will play its alluring part - enhancing the charm of the fresh-gathered fruit.

Cerebos Custard

A Cerebos Purity Product



Special for this week—

BIRD'S CUSTARD WITH GREENGAGES.

One of the most delicious and enjoyable dishes. This refreshing fruit is now both plentiful and cheap.

BIRD'S CUSTARD with stewed Greengages

"A glorious dish in gold and green."

Don't miss this treat! For a few pence. In a few moments!

To-day's prices for all sizes of Bird's Custard:—
Cubes Tins 1/6; silvered boxes 1/1 & 6½d; small tricolour pkts 1½d.

Cover 2 pounds of Greengages with about ¼ pint of hot water and two heaped tablespoons of fine sugar. Stew 20 to 30 minutes.

Well whisk the Bird's Custard when cold. Served thus, it is like the richest cream with stewed Greengages.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1923.

THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

THE funeral ceremonies accorded to a President of the United States who dies in office are as elaborate as those that followed any of the kings of old to the grave. Yesterday President Harding was laid to rest in his native town: while throughout the country business was for a moment suspended as a token of respect to the man and the great office he had held.

Here, too, in London Englishmen and Americans took their places together in Westminster Abbey for a memorial service very impressive in its simplicity. One felt, there in the great church, a sense of the confraternity of two great nations, whose union might do so much for the world in its present troubled state.

We believe that President Harding, as his experience of government grew, was more and more prompted to recognise this need for world collaboration. The strange silence of America, her aloofness, her disdain of "entanglements," have their justification indeed in fear of the contagion of our unsettlement. Political considerations reinforce that fear.

Nevertheless, a permanent and complete isolation is impossible for any great nation in the modern world. Yesterday's service in the Abbey inspires us with a hope that the future "intervention" of America in world affairs may be based upon a renewed sense of friendship with ourselves.

HER CROWNING GLORY.

SURELY there is too easy an optimism in the opinion of that American Judge who holds that all women have to do, in order to retain their husbands' affection, is to dress their hair in a certain way—in fact, to "bob" it for neatness.

Neatness is the aim. Untidy wives (he implies) make negligent husbands.

That may be true. But neatness does not depend upon the latest and most juvenile fashion of arranging the woman's crowning glory.

Wives had better be careful. Bobbed hair is apt to suggest—even to induce—"a certain liveliness," or frivolity, of temperament. Fashions modify manners. And it would be a sad thing if a slightly dishevelled but entirely respectable wife were to become aggressively girlish by adopting the girlish headdress.

ANIMALS ON THE ROAD.

WE wish that more could be done to diminish the sufferings of animals who travel by rail or road in warm weather.

At any time it is pitiable to see cattle huddled together in crowded trucks. The pity of it is accentuated when, as so often, they are packed together without shade or water for their relief.

But several lamentable cases recently reported in our news columns show that people who profess to be "fond of animals" have a habit of "posting" even the most sensitive of domestic pets, as though these favourite dogs or cats or birds were invulnerable parcels perfectly fitted to be shut up in vans, thrown about, shunted and treated, in sum, like the ordinary "goods" consignments.

Some of these cases may indeed be attributable to ignorance. That is, at any rate, the plea advanced in defence.

We can only say that owners of domestic animals who exhibit such ignorance as this are totally unfit to keep pets of any breed or sort.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Country Dwellers and Charabancs—The Ideal Holiday Companion—The Bishop's Dress—Women in Smokers.

POOR BISHOPS!

I WAS much interested in your correspondent's letter about the dress of our Bishops. The breeches and leggings (as he states) are evidently a relic of the days when Bishops visited parishes on horseback.

I always understood, however, that the apron was the survival of the cassock, which had been cut down for comfort in riding.

D. W. DARWALL.
Walton Vicarage, Warrington.

CHARABANC LUNACY.

FEW of us want to attack the charabanc, which has brought a good deal of enjoyment to a great number of people. We only ask of trippers, as "W. M." points out, that they should behave as sensible folk—not as savages.

In this connection, one feels impelled to ask

HOLIDAY COMPANIONS.

PERHAPS the best holiday companion is one whom we don't see too much of during the rest of the year.

With such a man—or woman—you can't talk shop. You get away from the usual worries of workday life.

ON A WALKING TOUR.

WOMEN IN "SMOKERS."

IF the conditions on the railway by which "W.N." travels are anything like those existing on most of them, we protest against his statement that there is plenty of room for women in non-smokers.

Our experience is that there are only two non-smoking compartments to every seven "smokers." Under these conditions, and considering the present hopeless state of overcrowding, men cannot reasonably expect women to run up and down looking for non-smokers

THIS IS JUST TO WARN YOU THAT—



—it isn't always wise to rely upon a friend's recommendation of an ideal spot for a holiday!

what it is that makes the average tourist apparently go off his head when he gets on to a rapidly-moving vehicle. Quite sensible people seem to regard a charabanc trip as an opportunity for throwing off all manners and becoming, for the moment, lunatics.

W. K.

THE MEGAPHONE AT WORK.

SOME time ago I purchased a cottage in a fairly remote English village of the "peaceful" kind described so eloquently by your contributor, Mr. Reeve.

It did not long remain peaceful after the charabanc came in.

Unluckily—as I now think—it contains a rather famous old church.

The charabanc parties arrive all day from a seaside resort some ten miles away, and fill the village with dust and din. They also stop in front of the church, and a man with a megaphone roars out an inaccurate description of its beauties. This goes on even on Sundays during service hours.

Have we, who live in such villages as these, no rights whatever? Is everything to be sacrificed to the tripper? No PEACE.

THE MAN IN BLUE.

TO my mind stolidity is the first of qualities to demand of a City policeman.

This is obviously no job for a "nervy" or "temperamental" man. A policeman has to answer so many silly questions that he must be provided with an infinite supply of patience for all comers.

M. T. L.

which, when found, will in all probability be already full of men.

If men want the use of smokers exclusively confined to their own sex, the least they can do is to see that more non-smokers are provided and that they are better distributed than at present.

FOUR CITY WORKERS.

HOPE FOR THE PEDESTRIAN.

WITH regard to your cartoon on walking, while it is true that many of our beauty spots are being spoiled, there are still hundreds of miles of charming footpaths within twenty miles of London, many of which are going out of use simply because they are not walked on.

The country buses and the cheap walking tour tickets issued by the railways bring these delightful, secluded ways, often affording splendid views, within easy reach of the pedestrian; in fact, it is only by walking that they can be discovered and road traffic and crowds avoided.

To enable us to enjoy walking to the full we badly need more good maps, distinctly showing all rights of way, and lower railway fares for our faithful companions—dogs.

H. E. P.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Show me the man you honour: I know by that symptom, better than by any other, what kind of man you yourself are. For you show me there what your ideal of manhood is; what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be, and would thank the gods, with your whole soul, for being if you could.—Carlyle.

IF WE HAD CAFES HERE IN ENGLAND.

DRAWBACKS TO EATING IN THE OPEN AIR.

By JAMES CLIFFORD.

I'M inclined to agree with that correspondent who wrote on this page the other day about open-air cafes being overrated. I never was for eating or drinking in the open air. There's something trippy about it.

I mean, it's all very well abroad, where the natives do funny things and you can't understand what they're saying about you anyhow.

Or at the seaside, where nobody knows you. Though that has its drawbacks, too—wasps largely at this time of year. I never was fond of wasps to my tea.

But to go and start cafes in London, or wherever you happen to live; I am all against it.

Look at the trouble it would cause, with everybody looking at you every time you had a glass of limejuice or something. You know what people are—they chatter quite enough as it is.

Supposing you went for a quiet walk after dinner and met a friend and you sat down outside the Wyvern and Cockatrice café for a little mild refreshment.

Well some dear old lady who comes to your wife's tea parties would be sure to pass by and see you and just because you happened to be laughing and carefree for the moment it would get all about the neighbourhood that you were an abandoned character.

The dear old lady would collect all the other dear old ladies.

And I can hear them saying it—at the next tea party. "That Mr. Clifford; oh not at all the sort of man you think. He drinks—oh, indeed, he does! I happened to be passing the café the other evening and he was there—and quite boisterous, to put it charitably, my dear. His poor wife. Yes, I feel so sorry for her."

TOO MUCH PUBLICITY?

Well, there you are, that's what cafes would do for one happy home.

Or else it might be in the middle of the day in the City or the West End and you feeling a little low, or waiting for an appointment.

The odds are you'd just order a whisky and soda, or a glass of beer, not because you want it, of course, but just to pay for your seat, as it were.

Well, what would happen?

You can take it from me that the first person to come along would be some ardent teatotaler with whom you were trying to do business. He'd give one look at you, tell himself he always suspected it, and dash back to his office and dictate a letter to you saying it was all off.

Or else your doctor would "happen to be that way," and spot you, and the next time you told him how you only had a couple of whiskies and soda a day, always in the evening, you'd have less chance of being believed than you have now.

No, as I say, cafes are all right in foreign countries. They're part of the change of atmosphere and all that sort of thing. But here at home, I think they're "fast." They're not suited to our traditional reserve.

To eat your lunch or have a drink in full view of anybody who cares to look at you, seems to me to be making an exhibition of yourself.

It's like going bathing in the Trafalgar-square fountains.

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DETAILED LIST ON APPLICATION

"WABRA" WINDOW FITTINGS ARE BRITISH MADE—SILENT SALESMEN

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COUNTRY CAMP HOLIDAY ON THE DOLE

THRILLS FROM 12-YEAR-OLD HORSEWOMAN



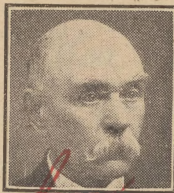
A lesson in potato-peeling from Mr. John Gordon, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour of Northern Ireland, to men out of work at the Ministry's summer camp for workless. The men pay 10s. a week from the dole.



CHARLTON'S NEW GROUND.—Work in the preparation of the new football ground at Catford of the Charlton United Club. It is expected that the ground will be ready in November. In the meantime the club will continue to play at "the Valley."



DRAGOON'S WEDDING.—Captain E. S. D. Martin, D.S.O., M.C., 5th Dragoon Guards, and his bride, Miss Margaret Guthrie, daughter of Mrs. D. C. Guthrie, of East Haddon Hall, after their wedding at East Haddon.



General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., a former Commander-in-Chief in India, has died aged 74. He won his V.C. in the Afghan War.



Betty Bulger, the heroine of Watford Horse Show, with her sister May.



Betty and a favourite horse. Sharing her sister's cycle.



Little Betty Bulger, of whose horsemanship at the age of twelve all St. Albans is proud, caused a great sensation at Watford Horse Show. She galloped her horse Stray Moments round the ring at such a speed that the crowd thought it was a runaway and men ran in and stopped it.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



FASTEST SEAPLANE.—The United States seaplane D 12, which, it is reported, has made world's record time for machines that can land on water. She flew at 175.3 miles an hour, and is expected to compete in the Solent for the Schneider Cup.



MARY'S SUNSHADE.—"Mary Ann," who for forty years has sold apples at the corner of Watling-street, E.C. This weather she takes to a parasol.



A portrait of Lady Ludlow, who is spending a holiday at Harrogate.



Dorothy, daughter of Canon Hay-Dinwoody, who is engaged to Mr. Alexander Smal.

THE ABBEY SERVICE.

The Art of Dancing—"Atmosphere" on the Film—Children's Scheme Congratulations.

There was less glitter and pomp, and perhaps a little more sincere emotion shown at yesterday's memorial service to the late President Harding in Westminster Abbey, than was usual at such services. There were a few scarlet and gold uniforms, of course, but the U.S. Army officers in attendance wore khaki, and the ushers were in mourning dress. One conspicuous feature was the punctuality of the ticket-holders, most of whom arrived in time. Long before the Duke of York, in his inconspicuous Air Force uniform, arrived the Abbey was full.

"Our Americans."

Of what we usually call "Our Americans" there were very few, because nearly every one of them is away. Mrs. Post Wheeler, in a cool, thin black georgette frock and big hat, arrived early and another well-known American present was Mrs. Frank Abraham. Mr. Edward Robins, the American actor, with his profusion of silver hair neatly brushed, was sitting just near me.

Belgian Franc Mystery.

Why have Belgian francs fallen so heavily? M. Theunis has given us one of the explanations. The Belgians, he says, being nervous about their financial prospects, have been selling their francs in order to invest in British sterling securities. The French, though to a less extent, have been doing the same thing. It is a pleasant tribute to British financial stability.

"The Crack of the Rifle."

I suppose the "Twelfth" will supply the inevitable "crack of the rifle" howler. I have never known grouse shooting begin without it. But the howler which made the experts howl most was when a big shop in Oxford-street turned one of its windows into a patch of moorland, with stuffed grouse among the heather, and a couple of service rifles resting against a boulder.

Indian Tour.

Princess Genevieve d'Orléans (a descendant of Louis Philippe), whose recent marriage to the Comte de Chaponay was the biggest social event of the year in Paris, intends, I am told, to leave with her husband in the autumn for a tour of India. They have been on the North-Morandy coast for a part of their honeymoon.

To Scotland.

Paris will be quite sorry to lose the Maharajah of Kapurthala, the Indian Prince, who has a mansion in the Bois and has been a leading figure in Society functions this season. He has just come back from France, where he was often with the Aga Khan, but in a few days he is leaving for Scotland.

The Art of Dancing.

Everybody seems to be writing books nowadays, and, therefore, I learn without surprise that Nijinsky, the famous Russian dancer, has retired into seclusion in Paris in order to devote his time to the production of a work on "The Art of Dancing." Nobody, unless it is Pavlova, or Korssavina, knows more about the subject than he does, and I expect his book will be an interesting one.



M. Nijinsky.

The work will be illustrated with photographs of Nijinsky in some of his famous classical poses, and instructive diagrams will attempt to show young dancers how to become graceful, airy and indiarubber-like. Flat-footed men, however, should be warned not to buy the book. It might raise vain hopes which could never be realised.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Poet's Problem.

I do not understand Mr. Frank Jones' demand that a poet, before publishing anything, should be required to "obtain a licence by making clear roughly what his meaning was." Picture a poet trying to explain to a Government Department what he meant by saying that there were "sermons in stones," or how he reconciled the statement that "the child is father to the man" with the undeniable fact that the man is the child's father.

"Penny Dreadfuls."

Mr. Jones' proposal that the books which we used to call "penny dreadfuls" should be read in class is better. It is probably easier to cultivate sound taste in literature by drawing attention to absurdities than by dwelling upon merits which are over the heads of youthful students.

Orders to Elephants.

Though it has been found impossible to give orders to elephants by wireless, they are heeds of a truly uncanny intelligence. Wickedness can be flogged out of unruly elephants by other elephants trained to act as disciplinarians; and it is said that there are elephants intelligent enough to understand an order to go alone to a certain place, remain there a certain length of time, and then go on and report themselves somewhere else.

"Beyond the Rocks."

Mrs. Elinor Glyn, I hear, has taken more than usual interest in the filming of her novel, "Beyond the Rocks." In twelve days she rushed right across from Europe to Hollywood in order to be sure that there was enough "atmosphere" in the picture. Atmosphere, as you know, is that inexplicable "something" which only film directors know anything about, and which the ordinary common clay cannot understand.



Mrs. Elinor Glyn.

"Atmosphere." During her visit Mrs. Glyn rearranged the coiffures of several of the people who were playing "atmosphere," and on noticing a non-atmospheric butler standing about in the limelight seized a paint brush and "went over his hair" to make it conform to what she felt was the proper effect. What the butler said is not known, but the story of "Beyond the Rocks" has the Alps for a background. Hence the title, I suppose.

New Zangwill Play?

After motoring through Italy, Switzerland and France, Mrs. Helen Hayes, the prominent American actress, has arrived in the French capital, and in a few days is coming over here to visit Mr. and Mrs. Israel Zangwill. Mr. Zangwill, she says, is writing a play for her.

More Cambridge Poets.

A correspondent writes: "I rather doubt if you can maintain your assertion that the balance of our poetry is in favour of Oxford. If one considers the present generation alone, Cambridge can boast of Rupert Brooke, J. C. Squire, Edward Shanks, Edward Davison and Norman Davey. I do not think you would find a parallel group in the senior university."

Flowers and Song.

Mr. Frank Mullings, the well-known tenor, who has recently taken the cure at Harrogate, has this week made holiday in the beautiful flower gardens at Golders Hill Park. A keen lover of flowers, Mr. Mullings is often to be seen on his way home from the florist's with a choice bouquet.

A Word for Sir Walter.

The substitute for the old "silly season" (writes a correspondent) would seem to be the Vacation Course for Teachers, at which everybody may say anything, however absurd. It seems characteristically reckless, for example, to make an onslaught on Scott's poetry as reading for boys. There is nothing finer for the healthy youngster than, say, "The Lady of the Lake."

Victorian Writer.

To-day is the centenary of the birth of Charlotte Yonge. Her books are, I am afraid, little read now, but they exercised an enormous influence thirty or forty years ago, and she numbered John Keble and Dean Stanley among her readers and admirers.

Teaching Economy.

Many letters of congratulation have been received by *The Daily Mirror* on its £25,000 Savings Certificate Scheme for children. One writer says: "It is an excellent idea for teaching economy to the young." That phrase sums up exactly what the scheme is doing. While they are saving up Certificates youngsters all over the Empire are learning, at the same time, the valuable habit of saving, which will serve them well in later years.

No Luck or Skill.

Children under fifteen are eligible. All they have to do is to collect ninety-six coupons and send them to 4-7, Lombard-lane and receive a shilling in exchange. Others with an eye on bigger things will collect 1,488 coupons, for which they will receive a National Savings Certificate. Anybody of the stipulated age may collect the golden coupons. There is no registration fee, and no luck or skill is required. The saving instinct is all that is necessary.

Old Elm Water Pipes.

Underground London, in spite of tubes and eight-foot sewers, has still plenty of evidence of an earlier civilisation to betray if it is dug into enough. I have just seen in Whitehall, close by the Horse Guards, where some big excavation is being made, two fine old elm water pipes brought to the surface. They are about six inches in bore and the end of one is neatly fined off to fit the other. Both are in an extraordinarily fine state of preservation.

Ken Wood Estate.

How many people recognise at first sight the names of Mr. William Whittingham, of Mr. T. W. Wilkinson and Mr. C. F. Minoprio? Yet but for their gifts of £50,000 and £20,000 the Ken Wood Preservation Committee would not have been able to transfer such a large portion of the Ken Wood estate to the London County Council. These and several smaller gifts have saved for London a fine stretch of land which will be available towards the end of next year, when several agricultural leases expire.



Mrs. W. H. Hobbs, who has returned from the Copenhagen, where she was received by King Christian.



Miss Julia Morgan, who will appear at the season of promenade concerts at the Queen's Hall to-day.

Spanish Artist Returns.

Raquel Meller, the beautiful interpreter of Andalusian song and dance, has joined the cast of the revue "Toutes les Femmes" at the Palace in Paris. She is a great favourite with Parisians, and so is her husband, E. Gomez Carrillo—the distinguished Spanish author and journalist whose first novel, "The Gospel of Love," has just appeared.

Lone London.

This cry of an empty London in August has been raised from the earliest of times. Here, for instance, is Swift wailing away in similar strain in the early eighteenth century: "People have so left the town that I am at a loss for a dinner. . . . May my enemies live here in summer. People leave the town so late in summer and return so late in winter that they have almost inverted the seasons."

From My Diary.

Envy is not an original temper, but the natural, necessary, and unavoidable effect of emulation or a desire of glory.—William Law.

Péruquites of a Pup.

Yesterday I heard a story of George Graves and his fox terrier pup. Whenever the comedian goes into his club, which happens to be the Eccentric, his dog goes too, and the other day the pup appeared from the kitchen regions bearing the wing of a chicken in his mouth which he deposited proudly at his master's feet. George had to pay for it. Now that the grouse season is about to start, George enters his club in fear and trembling.

THE RAMBLER.

Caley's Holiday Chats

A Wise Precaution.

Every holiday season doctors tell us that we should always have a snack of something immediately after a morning sea dip.

It is a counsel of sound advice, but most people dispense with it because they do not know how best to carry it out. Biscuits are so liable to get crushed and crumbled, and they take up room in the pocket.

There is one way, however, in which the difficulty can be overcome.

Caley's Marching Chocolate

is a perfect stand-by, better in fact than any other form of compressed nutrition for such a purpose. Besides having great sustaining and food value, it is one of the most delightful of sweetmeats. It does not create thirst, and is as smooth as velvet to the palate.

Throughout the War it was used by all branches of H.M. Services in various lands. In its neat wrapper of blue and khaki it takes up little space in the pocket, and maintains its solidity in hot weather as in cold.

"Slip in the pocket of your jacket
That little blue and khaki packet"

AND BE CONTENTED.

A. J. CALEY & SON, LTD, NORWICH AND LONDON.



L.G. LAUGHS AT GOOD JOKE IN WELSH



Mr. Lloyd George laughing heartily over a joke with the Chaired Bard (next him on right), Mr. Cledlyn Davies, the principal prizewinner at the Welsh Eisteddfod. On the extreme right is Mrs. Davies.

HOLIDAY ACCIDENT



Dr. Burroughs, Dean of Bristol, who has fractured a bone of his leg through slipping on a grass slope in the Austrian Tyrol during his holiday.

KING GEORGE H



King George hauling on a rope

The King's yacht Britannia finished first for the Mrs. Workman's Nyria by just under three minutes and went aground. The



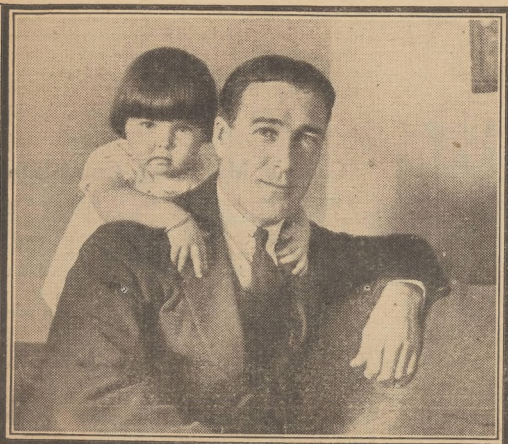
Jubilant members of the Plymouth Orpheus Ladies' Choir chair their conductor after winning the first prize in the women's choir competition at the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Mold, Flintshire.



The King, with watch in hand, waits for the starting-gun to send off the yachts on a long race.



Lady Hodge, wife of Sir Rowland Hodge, died yesterday at Chipstead Place, Sevenoaks. She had been ill some time.



DUCAT'S BENEFIT TO-DAY.—Andy Ducat, the Surrey cricketer and international footballer, with his daughter Daphne. He takes his benefit at the Oval to-day, Monday and Tuesday against Middlesex.



WHIST BY THE WAVES.—An open-air whist drive, held on the beach at Walton-on-the-Naze, was a very popular event.



JOE BECKETT and Miss Ruth Ford, the pretty young Marine Hotel, Worthing.

PLS TO RAISE SAIL



st sail on his yacht Britannia at Cowes.

Prizes of £100 at Cowes, but on time allowance lost to Tersichore, which is gaining a reputation for bad luck, was over a forty miles course.

A CLEVER BOWLER



Fred Millen, a thirteen-year-old cricketer, of St. Mary's School, Putney, who has taken 116 wickets for 234 runs each this season. This includes two hat tricks.

"AQUAPLANING" FOR SPEED THRILLS



Aquaplaning—as the Americans call this thrilling amusement—is all the rage on the Californian coast. The planks are drawn by motor-boats, and at times the speed equals thirty miles an hour.



The King and the Duke of Connaught near the wheel of Britannia. Behind is Nyria.



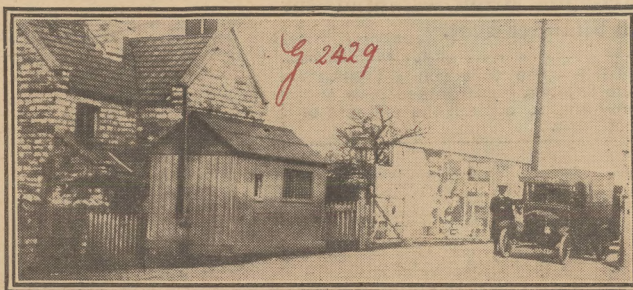
THE STRONG PULL.—A tug-of-war on horseback by Bucks and Berks Yeomen at their sports. The horses take it far more calmly than the men and one has even resumed his lunch.



Alderman H. E. David, of Gravesend, who, on his eighty-second birthday, received a letter from the Prince of Wales.



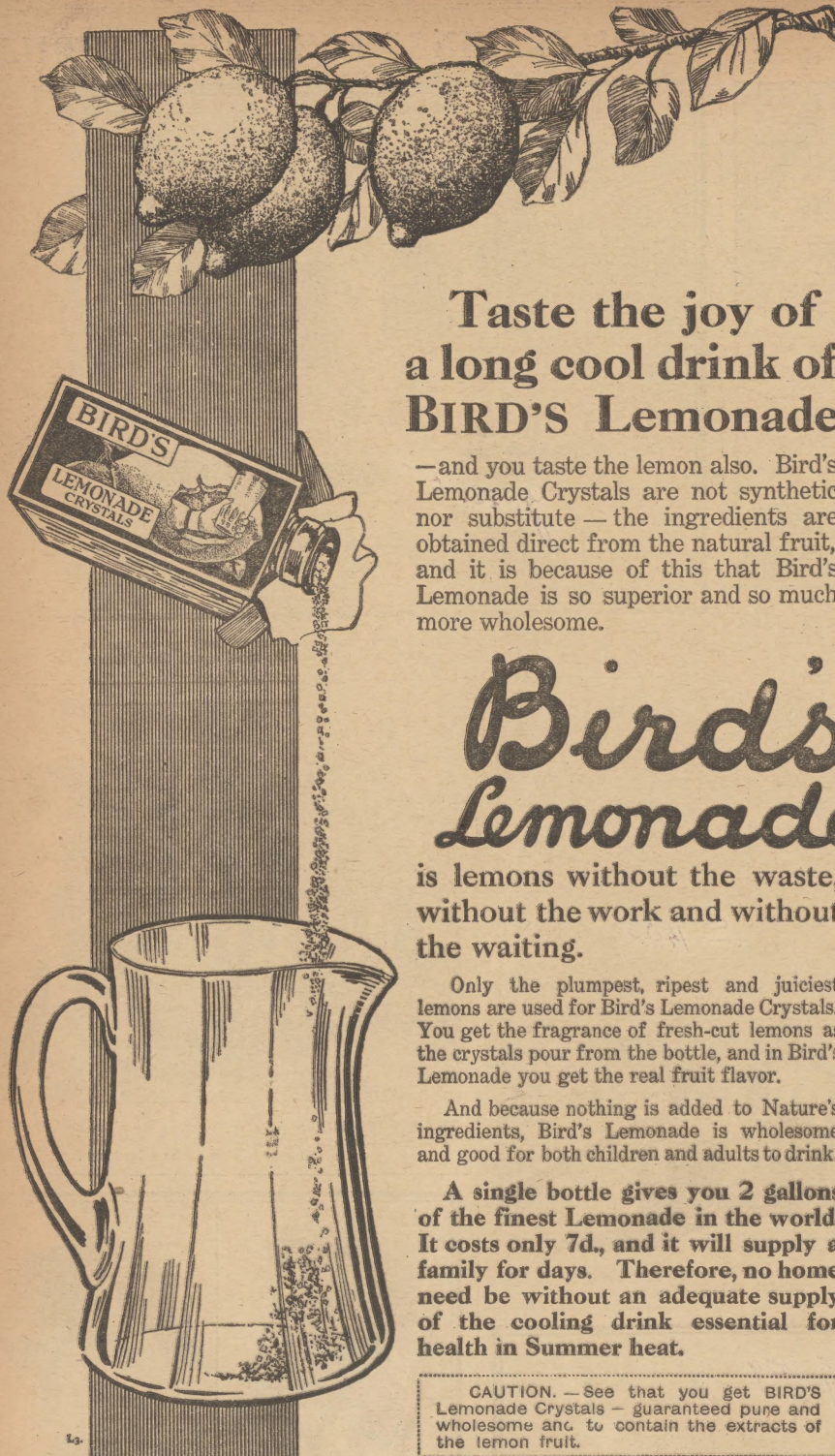
—Joe Beckett and his fiancée, Miss Ford, met yesterday. Miss Ford is the proprietor of the hotel where they met a few weeks ago at which has been staying.



£22,000 FOR A TOLL?—The last toll-gate in Wales, on the road from Cardiff to its sea-side neighbour, Penarth. Negotiations are proceeding between the Cardiff Corporation and the Penarth Council and the Marquis of Bute, the owner, for its extinction, and the price asked is stated to be £22,000.



A LITTLE SWEEP.—Left, little Leon Gillespie as a sweep and (right) Miss Joan Emms as grandma, two children, who took first prizes for fancy dress at Folkestone Hospital fete.



Taste the joy of a long cool drink of BIRD'S Lemonade

—and you taste the lemon also. Bird's Lemonade Crystals are not synthetic nor substitute—the ingredients are obtained direct from the natural fruit, and it is because of this that Bird's Lemonade is so superior and so much more wholesome.

Bird's Lemonade

is lemons without the waste,
without the work and without
the waiting.

Only the plumpest, ripest and juiciest lemons are used for Bird's Lemonade Crystals. You get the fragrance of fresh-cut lemons as the crystals pour from the bottle, and in Bird's Lemonade you get the real fruit flavor.

And because nothing is added to Nature's ingredients, Bird's Lemonade is wholesome and good for both children and adults to drink.

A single bottle gives you 2 gallons
of the finest Lemonade in the world.
It costs only 7d., and it will supply a
family for days. Therefore, no home
need be without an adequate supply
of the cooling drink essential for
health in Summer heat.

CAUTION.—See that you get BIRD'S
Lemonade Crystals—guaranteed pure and
wholesome and to contain the extracts of
the lemon fruit.

MARKETING BY POST.

PLUMS—Egg Plums; scarce this year; splendid Jam
Makers; scarce your consignment now; 12lb. 8s. 9d.
15s.; all carriage paid.—D. E. Tower, The Hill Fruit
Farm, Farnham.
PLUMS Eggs for preserving and bottling; 12lb. 5s. 6d.
14lb. 10s. each with order.—J. Bernard
Nichol, Fresham.
PLUMS from growing; ripe later; 12lb. 5s. 6d., carriage
paid; or call to E. Lewis (look 59), 24 Warwick-street, off
Regent-street, London, W.1 (close to Robinson and
Chancery).

AVIARIES, POULTRY, AND PETS.

AFRICAN Grey Parrots; also Young Talking Parrots and
Cages, from 40s.; illustrated list free.—Chapman, 17,
Wootton Bassett, Wilt.

PHOTOGRAPHY, ETC.

WORTH Cheap Photo Material; catalogue
sample free.—Buckett's, July-nd, Liverpool.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 3 lines.
A.—ARTIFICIAL Teeth and Jewellery bought; highest
prices paid by London's largest buyer; guaranteed
25 per cent. more than any other firm; cash or order; same
day.—Gordon, 321, Vauxhall Bridge-road, Victoria, S.W.1.
A. and for platinum, dental alloy, old gold and silver;
the truth is mighty and will always prevail; satisfaction or
teeth returned promptly; or just send me your address
and I will send free an addressed box for sending teeth—
Post, or call to E. Lewis (look 59), 24 Warwick-street, off
Regent-street, London, W.1 (close to Robinson and
Chancery). No object; wanted ladies' gent's, children's
cast-off or thin; dental plates; cash same day.—Pearce
and Co., 57, Church-st., Here. (From Roberts, London).
HIGH Price paid for old jewellery, diamonds, gold, silver,
antiques, teeth; cheque same day.—Stanley's, Gold-
smiths, 57, Church-st., Here. (From Oxford-st., London).

LAND, HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

COUNTRY House, near station, cost £5,000. For £900
cash and mortgage. A. Holloway, Bloisbury.
IMPERIAL HALL, Ripon, for sale—9 reception, 9
bedrooms; 41 acres, beautiful grounds; lodge, stables,
garage.—Particulars apply Occupier.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ARE you NATURAL? The only remedy, Tablets, to
plain wrapper, P.O. 12, 3d.—Thames Co., 12, Lambeth
Road, London, S.E.1.
IMPORTANT to Ladies.—Dresses tails transformations,
11 wigs and all kinds of hair-work at less than half price!
Parfums, Cakes, Confection or family use, a pleasure
and delightful drink at trivial cost; no sugar required;
only add water and stir; send 7s. 6d. P.O. for 7th, 10th,
Wainwright Bros. and Hobbs, Bristol.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI—Eves, 8.15. **ROSALIND**, by J. M. Barrie. At
8. THE YOUNG PERSON IN PINK. Mats, 7.30. 2 Performances.
ALDWYCH—Eves, 8.15. Wed, Thurs, 2.30. **TONS OF
MONEY**, Evonne Arnold, Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn.
AMBASSADORS—THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.
Maggie Albanesi, Lina Best. Mat, Fri, Sat, 2.30.
APOLLO—WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS, by J. M.
Barrie. Every Eve at 8.15. Mat, Tu, Th, 7.30.
COMEDY—Nightly at 9. **PEACE AND QUIET**,
Hornes Holmes. Mats, Tuesday and Friday, 3 p.m.
CRITERION—2.30 and 8.30. **1001 PERFORMANCES,
SEND FOR DR. O'GRADY**, By George Birmingham.
DALYS.
Today, 2.15, 8.15. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.15.
CLOVE—BLUEBEARD'S 8th WIFE. 2.50, 8.30.
Wed, Sat, 2.30. Madge Tabor, Norman McKinnon.
HIPPODROME—2.30 and 8.15. **BRIGHTER LONDON**,
Billy Mercer, Lupino Lane, The London Band, etc.
LITTLE—(Re-open 1801). **THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE**,
Eves, 9. Mats, Mon and Th, 8.45. Reduced Mat. Prices.
LONDON PAVILION—Eves, 8.15. Tu, Sat, 2.30. **DOVER
STREET TO DIXIE**, S. Louisa, O. Myrtil, F. Mill.
LYRIC—2.15, 8.15. Wed, Sat, 2.15. **"LILAC TIME"**,
A Play with Music by Schubert. Ger. 50673.
LYRIC, HAMITE—2.30, 8.15. **THE BIGGLES OPERA**,
Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30. 1,518th PERFORMANCE.
MASKELINE'S THEATRE, near Oxford Circus—2.30 and 8.
DE BIEER, CLIVE MASKELINE in "The Search", etc.
NEW—(Reg. 1406). Nightly, 8.30. **THE EYE OF SIVA**,
By Sax Rohmer. Mats, Mon, Wed, 2.30. A. Hunter.
NEW OXFORD—(Museum 1740) 8.30. Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
"LITTLE NELLIE KELLY", By George M. Cohan.
PALACE, Irving Berlin's, "MUSIC BOX REVUE".
8.30. Thurs and Sat, 2.30. Last 7 Days.
PLAYHOUSE, Gladys Cooper. **ENTER KIKI!**
Today, 2.50, 9. Mats, Thursday and Saturday, 2.30.
PRINCE OF WALES—(Gerr. 7482) 8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30.
Anglo-American Joke, "SO THIS IS LONDON".
QUEENS—(Gerr. 9437).
2.50, 8.30. Mats, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.
REGENT, King's X—2.30 and 8.30. **ROBERT E. LEE**,
By John Drinkwater. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.
ROYALTY—(Gerr. 3855) Eves, 8.30. At Mrs. BEAMS,
Donna Eadie, Jean Cadell. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30.
ST. JAMES'S—Eves, 8.30. **THE OUTSIDER**,
Leslie Faber, Isobel Elsom. Mats, Wed, Fri, 2.30.
ST. MARTIN'S. R.U.R. Today, 2.30 and 8.30.
Last 2 Performances.
SAVOY—(Gerr. 3348). 8.15. **POLLY**, Mats, Mon,
Thurs, 2.30. **JAMIESON DODDS, LILLIAN DAVIES**.
VAUDEVILLE—Eves, 8.30. Tu and Fri, 2.30. **"RATS!"**,
A. Charles's Revue. Alfred Lester, Gertrude Lawrence,
WINTER GARDEN, 8.15. Wed and Sat, 2.30.
G. Grossmith, D. Dickson and I. Benson. Last Wk.
WYNDHAM'S—Gerald du Maurier in "THE DANCERS".
Eves, 8.15 (except Mon.). Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30.
ALHAMBRA—(Gerr. 5064) 2.30, 6.10 and 8.45. **LONDON**
Ballet Band, Talbot O'Farrell, Renee Kelly and Co., etc.
COLISEUM—(Gerr. 7501). 2.30, 7.45. **Robert Albion**,
and Co., Alba Thibet, Lopokova, Billy Danvers, etc.
PALLADIUM—(Gerr. 1004) 2.30, 8.30. **Lee Kide**,
Nora Bayes, Coran, Fred Barnes, Daisy Dornier, etc.
EMPIRE—(Gerr. 3527) Daily at 2.45 and 8.30. Sun, 7.45.
ENEMIES OF WOMEN, by Vicent Blasco de Balbany.
NEW GALLERY, Regent-st.—(Reg. 5294) Thomas
Morgan in "The Bachelor Daddy"; Leo Maloney, etc.
PHILHARMONIC HALL—2.30 and 8.30. **"CRADLE OF
THE WORLD"**. A thrilling travel film. (Sun, 7.30.)
STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, Kinway—1.45 to 10.30.
Also Murray in "Twin Beds", etc.

PERSONAL.

MY Lady—I do love you dear, longing for letter.—Jack.
JEAN, Ramsgate—Address impossible; arrange here, Weds.
only.
TILLY—Best wishes for happy birthday, with love and
kisses from Frank.
SUPPLEMENTS have permanently removed from face with
electricity; ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Gran-
ville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W. 12 Min. Tube.
"WHERE DID YOU Come From, Ma'am?" Beautiful
Story Pure in Childish Simplicity; 3s. 6d.—Publishers,
Scala-chambers, Torquay.
COPIES of photographs appearing in "The Daily Mirror"
may be purchased by readers at the usual prices on
application to the office.
GREY hairs—Touch up the first ones with Tatcho-Tone;
trial phal 8d.—Tatcho-Tone, 5, Great Queen-st., W.C.
"To lighten the labour of Eve's fair daughter,
Is one of the lessons Hindes Wavers have taught her."

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 3 lines.
BABY Cars from factory on approval; carriage paid; no
shop profits, lowest prices for cash or easy payments;
write for list catalogue post free, and save money.—Godiva
Carriage Co. (Dept. 2), Coventry.
PAWN-BROKERS' Bargains—Special List of Unre-
deemed Pledges now Ready for Sale at 2,000 annual
instalment bargains; new and second-hand; sent out free, no
delay, write at once, it will save you pounds; all goods
sent on 7 days' approval; no payment; no interest; no
risk; (Dept. 12), 36, Denmark Hill, Camberwell Green, London, S.E.1.
22/6—Gent's 18-ct. Gold-encased Keyless Lever Watch,
improved action; 10 years' warranty; time is a
minute a month; also Double Curb Albert, same quality,
and attached, perfect new, with free trial; complete,
£1 2s. 6d., approval before payment.—Davis, Pawnbroker.
32/6—Powerful 28 60. Binocular, Field, or Marine
Glass, as supplied to the British Government;
great magnification power; most powerful glass made;
time by church clock distinctly read 3 miles away;
leather sling case; week's free trial; 52s. 6d., approval
willingly.—Davis, Pawnbroker, 36, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.1.
29/6—62 articles; everything required; wonderfully
beautiful; newest designs; exquisite embroidered American
Robes, etc.; the selection of mother's personal effects;
never worn; sacrifice, 29s. 6d.; approval willingly.—Davis,
Gent's, Double Curb Albert, 36, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.1.
18/6—Filled, solid links; 16s. 6d.; approval.—Davis.
34/6—Blankets, £4 4s. Bala 8 Full-size Blankets, extra
heavy, perfectly new; 34s. 6d., approval
willingly.—Davis, Pawnbroker, 36, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.1.
32/6—(Worth £4 4s.)—Lady's, exceedingly elegant
Trousseau, 16 Nightdresses, 16 Nightgowns, 16
Combinations, Undersuits, etc., etc., 32s. 6d.—Davis.
£6 19/6—Lady's 40-gr. exceedingly handsome, real
Woolworth Best Coat, with large collar, with
opossum collar, latest Parisian style, finest quality selected
wool; sacrifice, £4 19s. 6d.; approval.—Davis.
18/9—Navy Blue Cashmere, full 63s. sixyard length
costume of dress length; 16s. 9d., approval
willingly.—Davis, Pawnbroker, 36, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.1.
£1 19/6—Lady's 40-gr. Solid Gold English hall-
mark, marked Keyless Expanding Watch Bracelet,
finely finished with the most modern improvements;
time to a minute; 15 years' warranty; week's
free trial; 39s. 6d., approval before payment.—Davis.
12/9—Lady's Magnificent, £3 3s. Solid Gold English
hallmark, marked Keyless Expanding Watch Bracelet,
finely finished with the most modern improvements;
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PIP AND SQUEAK

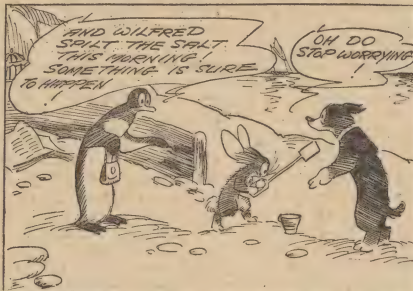
SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1923

THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

No. 96.—POPSKI ATTACKS PETS, GETS BITTEN BY LOBSTER BUT—ESCAPES.



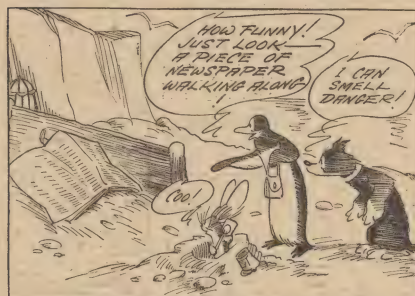
1. Squeak thought that something unpleasant was likely to happen when Pip walked under a ladder.



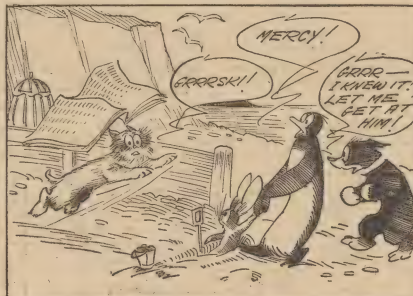
2. They ran to the sands, and Wilfred started to dig. Squeak still kept worrying.



3. Sure enough there was danger—the wily Popski, the Bolshy bound, had tracked them down!



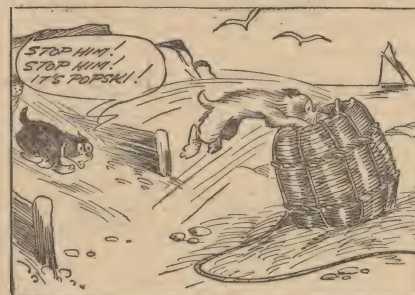
4. How could he approach the pets without being seen? Under a newspaper, he crept towards them.



5. Suddenly, when he was near Wilfred, he gave a savage growl and sprang out behind the paper.



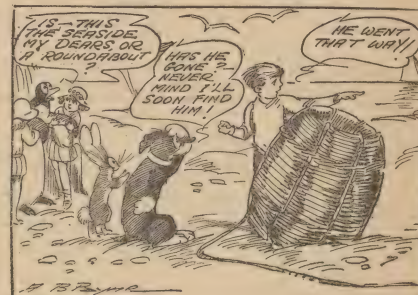
6. While Squeak snatched up Wilfred into her arms Pip tore at the cowardly Popski.



7. Off they raced across the sands. Seeing a big lobster pot, Popski jumped inside.



8. He was soon out again, however, when a big lobster nipped his tail! Pip hit the basket so hard—

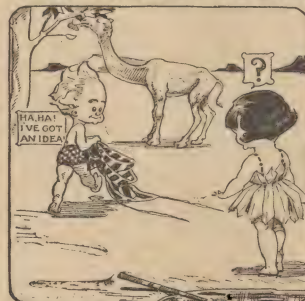


9. —that when he recovered Popski had gone. Squeak was quite hysterical for some time afterwards.

BIG-TOE AND PEARLY-TOOTH, THE PREHISTORIC CHILDREN.



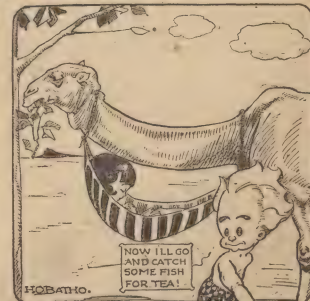
1. Pearly-tooth had a jolly little hammock, but where was she to hang it?



2. "I know!" cried Big-tooth, as he noticed the camel without a hump.



3. He tied the hammock under the funny creature's neck—just like that.



4. Then, when the camel began to eat, Pearly-tooth had a nice little rest.

CEDRIC, THE LITTLE JUMBO, BUILDS

I HAVE A GRAND IDEA



I'LL NAIL THIS BOX TO THE OTHER ONE



NOW I MUST GET SOME WHEELS



THESE GRATES WILL GO NICELY



THIS MAKES A SPLENDID MOTOR



JUMP IN (SAYING)



MURRAY'S SPLENDID



WHIZZ



I CAN'T STOP IT



HELP!



BUT THIS IS BETTER STILL



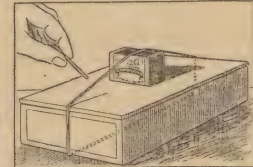
A JOOLY LITTLE MOTOR "BOAT."

A MUSICAL "BOX."

A Baby Could Make This Jolly Toy.

WOULD you like to make a real little musical "box"? Not one of those square boxes which you have to wind up before they will play a tune, but a simple little instrument on which you can play your own tunes.

You need only three things—a flat cardboard box, a matchbox and one



How the box is made.

of those rubber or elastic bands which business people put round letters.

Now, are you ready? Place the matchbox, sideways up, on the cardboard box (see illustration). Now

DEAL AND DOVER TO DAY.

Pip, Squeak and Wilfred will appear by the Bandstand at DEAL at 11.30 this morning, and this afternoon at 2.30 they will hold a reception at DOVER (also by the Bandstand).

pass the elastic right round the cardboard box and over the matchbox.

Your musical box is now complete, and all you have to do is to play it. Flick the elastic with a match or a hairpin, and you get a musical note. By moving the matchbox up and down you will be able to change your notes, and even play a tune.



Daily Mirror Office, Saturday, Aug. 11, 1923.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Pip, Squeak and Wilfred will take a much-deserved holiday to-morrow after one of the busiest and most interesting weeks of their lives. When I told you that the pets' summer tour this year would be 1,000 miles long I was hopelessly wrong—already since they left London for the Yorkshire coast they have travelled over 1,000 miles. You see, they do not travel as the crow flies, and in dozens of cases have gone out of their way to visit their boy and girl friends in remote country villages.

There is one present the pets would like more than anything else during this tropical weather. If you have any ice to spare, do bring them a lump; if you feel particularly generous, you might present them with a block of ice, so that Squeak can sit on it and imagine she is once again in her island home.

MOST POPULAR "COLLECTING" CRAZE.

How many Children's Savings Certificates have you collected up to date? Collecting these certificates is becoming far more a craze than collecting cigarette pictures, and it certainly is more profitable. For instance, you may collect several sets of cigarette pictures, but what are they actually worth? Collecting Children's Savings Certificates is not only good fun, but you have the happy feeling that you are also saving money for a rainy day. Ninety-six of these Certificates are worth one shilling, and a shilling—if you are not too old—is a most comfortable coin to jingle in one's pocket.

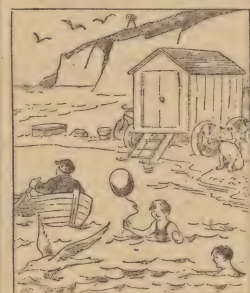
Get your grown-up friends to help you collect; already, perhaps, they supply you with cigarette cards—ask them to "concentrate" in the future on Children's Savings Certificates.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

LOOK FOR B's.

Win £2 10s. for Your Summer Holidays.

HOW many things beginning with the letter B can you see in the little seaside picture below? There is Bathing-machine and Boat and—but there! I mustn't give them all away! Just look for yourself, and, when you have found as many B's as you can, make a neat list of them on a postcard, and send it, with your name, age and address, to Uncle Dick



(B), "Pip and Squeak," care of The Daily Mirror, 29, Boulevard-street, London, E.C. 4.

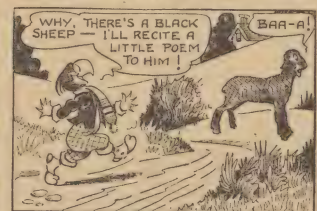
For the correct and neatest entries I am awarding the following splendid money prizes:—

First Prize	£2 10 0
Second Prize	2 0 0
Third Prize	10 0
Forty Prizes of	5 0
Forty Prizes of	2 6

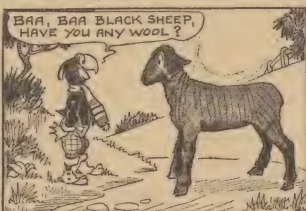
Only children under sixteen may enter for this competition, and no entries received later than August 18 can be considered.

ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE :

Our little Parrot has a "few words" with a bad-tempered Baa-baa Black Sheep.



1. Helpful Horace had just learnt a nursery rhyme, and he was very proud of it.



2. So, when he saw the black sheep browsing near by, he went up and recited it.



3. But the sheep had just been sheared, and I'm afraid he was rather rude to Horace!

NEW TOWER SCHOOL SERIAL.



By RICHARD BARNES.

FOR NEW READERS.

Ralph Royston, of Tower School, known to his friends as Scorchers, learns that his young brother has got into a scrape with the school bully, Noakes. He determines to clear matters up.

"JUST LEAVE IT TO ME!"

IT was some time before Scorchers could find his brother, and when he did he quickly saw that Jack had been crying.

For a moment he felt almost disgusted, but then he remembered that Jack was only ten and that this was his first term at boarding-school. All the same, it wouldn't do for the other boys to see him like this.

"Cheer up!" laughed Scorchers. "What's the trouble, anyway?"

"It's nothing," replied Jack, quickly wiping his eyes.

"Come on," urged his brother, not unkindly, "you'd better tell me. What have you been up to? Smashed any windows, or broken bounds, or—"

"It's worse than that," muttered the smaller boy. "You see, Noakes saucily got me a new cricket bat, and it would cost seven and six. He said he knew someone who kept a shop and could get it cheap."

"Well?" Scorchers was looking very grim.

"So I asked him to get it for me. And then when I'd got it he said he meant seventeen and

six, and, well, I'd not got more than eight shillings."

"So what did you do?" Jack hung his head. At last he continued, "Noakes said he'd let me off the extra ten shillings if I'd be his fag."

"And serve you jolly well right," put in his brother. "But I don't see anything very terrible in all that."

"But he makes me break bounds and go to the village to get cigarettes for him. And to-day he said he must have that extra ten shillings and if I don't let him have it by next week he'll tell the Head that I've been breaking bounds."

Scorchers gave a long whistle. "So that's it, is it? You know, it really serves you right for being such a young idiot. You might have guessed that Noakes was up to no good. Anyway, it's a good thing you've told me—I'll be able to give him a good hiding."

"But we'll have to give him the money," said the other anxiously.

"Not unless the bat's worth it," replied Scorchers. "And even then I don't know that



"Just leave everything to me," said Scorchers.

We need. After all, he played a rotten trick on you and—"

"But I signed an I.O.U. paper," put in Jack miserably.

"Well, you are a champion ass!" laughed

his brother. "It's lucky I've got the ten shillings Uncle David gave me, but it's going to leave me without a penny!"

Jack's eyes lit up. "Thanks awfully, Ralph," he mumbled.

"That's all right," said Scorchers, patting his brother on the back. "Cheer up. Just leave it to me, and everything will come right."

He hurried off, a frown on his usually happy face. After a short search he found Noakes, and he walked straight up to him. The bully was with Benson, his special crony.

The two boys looked quickly at the new arrival, and for a moment a hint of fear came into their eyes. But they knew that they held the whip hand, and Noakes forced a smile.

"Well?" he asked. Scorchers glared at him. "I always knew you were a cad," he said, "but I didn't think you'd rob a first form junior."

"I'm not going to stand that. Your brother owes me ten shillings. I bought him a tip-top bat—you ought to know how much they cost."

Scorchers nodded. "I know the whole story," he snapped. "Well, here's your ten shillings," and he tossed the note towards the other. "Now give me that I.O.U. you made my brother sign."

The slip of paper was passed over, but Scorchers did not go. "You'd better just remember this," he said. "If I ever catch you talking to my young brother again I'll give you such a hiding that you'll never forget it."

Noakes smiled a sickly smile. "And suppose I still tell the Head about your brother breaking bounds and buying cigarettes?"

Scorchers laughed. "You daren't!" he scoffed. "That sort of tale's all right to scare first form boys, but it doesn't frighten me."

And with another scornful laugh he walked away. As soon as he had disappeared, Noakes turned to his friend. "I hate that chap!" he said savagely. "I'd do anything to get him into a scrape."

"So would I," agreed Benson, for he, too, had no reason to like Scorchers. Suddenly a look of excitement came into his eyes. "And I think I know how we can do it," he added.

"There will be another grand instalment of this exciting story next week."

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE ADVENTURES

I AM COMING TO VISIT (MONEY-POUSE)

THERE IS A LITTLE HOUSE!

I WILL TAKE YOU FOR A RAIL!

COME AND PLAY WITH ME, MONTY!

WHY, IT'S SAMMY STORK!

I WILL TAKE YOU FOR A RAIL!

I WILL TAKE YOU FOR A RAIL!

I WILL TAKE YOU FOR A RAIL!

I WILL TAKE YOU FOR A RAIL!

I WILL TAKE YOU FOR A RAIL!

I WILL TAKE YOU FOR A RAIL!

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TILES OF FATE

By ELIZABETH
YORK MILLER.



Nancy Sheridan.



"Clear off," said Grönte. "And see here, Whitfield, if your manners don't improve between here and Genoa—"

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

NANCY SHERIDAN, employed as typist to a shady solicitor, Samuel Prudd, of Fleet-street, is distressed because she has received her dismissal and is threatened with penury. A cheery individual "blows in" by name Payne Whitfield, to discharge a tailor's bill for which Prudd has been dunning him.

He tells Nancy that he is the son of a wealthy man, who disbelieves in his commercial capabilities, and has offered him one hundred pounds with which to go round the world and "make good." He fails to add that it is also a test as to whether he is worthy of the hand of Lady Clara Montell.

Samuel Prudd's dismissal of Nancy, however, is only a ruse to get her in his power. He has lately made the will of old Clarys Rockmore, an eccentric gentleman who, living in the same house as Nancy, has made her the sole legatee of his vast fortune—a fortune which includes the possession of an island containing a rich pearl-fishery. Nancy is ignorant of this great inheritance, as she is ignorant of Samuel Prudd's scheme to marry her to an unscrupulous Scandinavian aristocrat, Count Wilmar Grönte. Half of Nancy's fortune goes to her husband when she marries, and Prudd's idea is to share in the plunder.

Old Mr. Rockmore dies and Prudd hurriedly arranges for Nancy's departure with Count Grönte's mother as secretary-companion on a long voyage. Wilmar Grönte accompanies them with the idea of persuading Nancy to marry him at the first opportunity. At Monte Carlo Payne Whitfield, who has lost all his money at the tables, is taken on the yacht as steward.

THE COUNT MOVES.

PAYNE WHITFIELD went slowly down the companion way to the Scagull's pantry quarters. He was shot through and through with a peculiar sensation which might be described as pins and needles. From top to toe he tingled, the palms of his hands itched so violently that when the cabin boy got in his way he administered a cuff on the ears to the youngster.

Mr. Borage, resting in shirt-sleeved ease, looked up from the thrilling novel of adventure he was reading.

"Now, then, Whitfield—what's the matter?" the chief steward inquired placidly.

"Nothing's the matter," said Payne furiously. "His lordship wants a bottle of—"

"Right."

Borage didn't need to be told what it was his lordship wanted. He flung over his keys to Payne. "Get it out, Whitfield. Bob, fetch a wine glass, tray and a bowl of chipped ice, and look lively."

"I dunno what he hit me for," the cabin-boy muttered sulkily.

"Cos you got in the way, lad," said the pacific Mr. Borage. "Don't never get in the way of a busy man. . . . That's right. One of these days you'll be a steward, yourself, if you're as neat and quick as this. Now a wine glass, my lad—cos of them tip-stemmed ones."

"Two," said Payne, emerging at that moment from the wine cupboard.

"How's that?" inquired Borage.

"Two glasses," Payne replied between set teeth. "That's what I was told to bring."

The chief steward threw a glance at the cabin-boy and raised his eyebrows. Bob was only fourteen, and Mr. Borage never talked scandal in his presence.

"I see," he said thoughtfully. "Her ladyship and Miss Peters have retired, I suppose. Somehow I was expecting this."

"The deuce you were!" Payne laughed out. Again Mr. Borage's eyebrows lifted. What did it signify to Whitfield that the count should wish to indulge in a midnight tete-a-tete with pretty Miss Sheridan?

From somewhere up above sounded the shrill screech of the siren, announcing the yacht's intention of moving on. A clang of bells followed, then the slow rhythmic beat of the engines and churning of the screw. A breeze wafted down into the spotlessly clean but stuffy galley.

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

"Thank goodness, we'll get a breath of air now," remarked Borage, stretching out his slippered feet and returning with a sigh of satisfaction to his book.

As an interesting enigma, he had given up Payne Whitfield. Part of the enigma Mr. Borage had solved to his own satisfaction, but he saw no reason to pass on his discovery to anyone else. This Whitfield boy, he decided, had never done anything before in his life in the nature of waiting on his commercial companionship but he was trying hard to learn how to do it. He was certainly a "trier," and he had brains. The chief steward was fairly content. He didn't want a foreigner fussing around in his pantry. He wanted somebody who could keep him company, as it were; particularly since companionship was unavoidable in the close quarters of the sleeping cabin they shared.

Payne lifted the tray, which was now in order, and marched out of the pantry.

The cabin-boy giggled at the green baize door swung shut behind him.

"Mr. Whitfield's sweet on Miss Sheridan," he said.

"What?"

"It's right, what I'm tellin' you, chief. She was up east this mornin' showing him how to do his work. Maybe she's sweet on him, too."

"You just shut up and mind your own business, lad. What do you know about such things, anyway?"

"Nawthin'," said the boy sulkily.

"Then say 'nawthin'."

The boy said it in effect, and Mr. Borage returned once more to his book.

"You've taken your time, steward," drawled Wilmar Grönte, when the silver tray with its fragile burden was clashed heavily on to the table which had been drawn forward to receive it.

"Sorry, my lord. 'Ope I haven't kept you waiting too long."

To Nancy's quick ear there was a studied insinuation in that little speech, Payne Whitfield had never dropped an "h" before, as far as she knew, and "my lord" had been brought out with a distinct air.

Probably Grönte noticed it, too.

"Clear off," he said, not drawing this time.

"And see here, Whitfield, if your manners don't improve between here and Genoa—"

The offending steward took himself off, and Wilmar Grönte leaned forward and filled the slender-stemmed glasses. The yacht was off Montone now, and just ahead—coming rapidly closer—were the lights of Bordighera. From behind the next point presently would emerge San Remo.

Nancy, who knew every promontory of the coast from the maps in the guide-book, wished that she were alone to enjoy this wonderful hour. She took but a sip or two of the wine, and declined positively the cigarette Grönte tried to make her accept.

She wanted to think out the whole wonderful thing by herself—that she was really here, where often she had dreamed of being; and the reality was even more beautiful than the dream. She mustn't let herself forget, however, how kind the Gröntes had been to give her this great pleasure. It was little enough to make herself agreeable to Count Wilmar. Why let Payne Whitfield disturb her? She couldn't work out his destiny for him.

"Don't move!"

Grönte's voice was a caressing whisper.

She had been sitting with her head thrown back, a flood of pale moonlight playing full upon her white throat, but the duty of making polite conversation had impelled her to a less lazy attitude.

"Don't move," Grönte repeated. "You are perfect as you are. I've been studying your profile. It's remarkably fine." He gave the last word its French pronunciation. "You are altogether fine, Mam'selle, la typiste. You are so much more, that one laughs to think how easily mistakes are made. Mamma knows—she very clever, my charming mother. She said to me, at once—'Miss Sheridan is no ordinary young person.' But that I saw for myself—yes, the coast is wonderful to-night. How fortunate we are to have the moon. There's Ospeleto! Have you read 'Dr. Antonio'?"

Thus Grönte set her at ease again, relieving the personal tension.

No, she had not read Ruffini's great little masterpiece.

"I've been meaning to, but old novels aren't always easy to get hold of," she confessed.

"I've got a copy of 'Dr. Antonio' in my cabin," said Grönte. "To-morrow you shall have it."

"Oh, thank you!"

Nancy's head whirled with conflicting emotions. She liked Wilmar Grönte, yet at the same time she didn't like him.

"I really think I ought to say good-night now. It must be very late." She got up decisively.

Her decision, however, was all on the surface. The night of silver moonlight had crept into her blood; Grönte's voice had provoked a longing in her, although it was not a longing for him.

How far away she was from her little room overlooking Covent Garden, from the Allens and

Mr. Rockmore! She would never see Mr. Rockmore again. Not in this world, anyway. But would she ever see the Allens?

She had felt very safe in her little "third floor back." And here? Just at the moment she didn't feel absolutely safe.

"You're going? Your cloak feels a little damp." Grönte's white hands touched her shoulders; just a matter-of-fact pat or two. It would be silly to shrink away.

But suddenly Nancy was face to face with him on her progress to the companionway, and another step would have landed her in his arms. At that crucial moment a ghost rose up at the head of the ladder-like flight of stairs—Olga Peters, in trailing white draperies.

FALSE AND TRUE.

"I COULDN'T sleep," she said in an extenuated voice. "Wilmar, will you talk to me? Oh, Miss Sheridan—I didn't know."

But whether Olga knew or not, Nancy did not care. She flew down to her cabin and bolted the door after herself.

For a moment she stood there breathing heavily, her hands pressed to her heart. It was stupid, silly, she told herself furiously. Nothing had happened at all, and she was behaving like an idiot, to be upset because Wilmar Grönte had spoken in that silky, caressing way and touched her shoulders to see if her wrap was wet with dew. He had exactly the same manner with his mother and cousin.

But those curious eyes of his—something had darted out at her from them, something terrifying in its unexpectedness. Did a beast lurk under that suave face he showed to the world?

A light tap sounded at the door, and Nancy held her breath while her heart beat faster.

"Are you there, Miss Sheridan?"

It was Payne Whitfield's voice, and the girl gave a quick gasp of relief as she replied:

"Oh—yes. What is it?"

"Nothing. Just—I wondered if there was anything you might want."

"No, thank you." She opened the door and smiled wanly at Payne. "I've got everything I need, but it's kind of you to bother."

"That's what I'm here for," he said grimly.

"How big he loomed in the narrow passage."

"You shouldn't be saucy to Count Wilmar, though," Nancy said.

"No. Not if I want to remain on board this boat—and I do."

Their eyes met, but there was nothing in Payne Whitfield's clear gaze to startle her.

"Good-night," she said, and closed the door. She felt perfectly tranquil now.

A great pity she hadn't used the opportunity to put in a good word for Mr. Whitfield with Count Wilmar, but it was really Mr. Whitfield's fault. The way he had spoken and banged down the tray had been rude and intentionally so. Why had he behaved like that? Enlightenment came to Nancy as she sat before the mirror brushing out her splendid hair, and she flushed pinkly at her perplexed image.

Could it be that Mr. Whitfield didn't like her sitting on deck with Count Wilmar? Perhaps, to his way of thinking, the bottle of champagne and the two glasses gave an air to their tete-a-tete which made it appear undesirable.

Nancy scowled at herself. Mr. Whitfield wasn't her keeper.

As she braided her hair, her face wore its expression of deep thoughtfulness. Some day she would pluck up the courage to ask him who the beautiful dark girl was she had seen riding with him in the Row.

By the time she fell asleep she had put Wilmar Grönte completely out of her mind.

In the morning the coast had all but vanished; just a faint misty line on the left, with the mountains lost in the clouds. It was windy, with little squalls of rain sweeping the decks.

In a few hours, by lunch-time, probably, they would arrive at Genoa, and Nancy dressed herself in going-ashore clothes. The Countess Grönte had spoken of a lace and needlework exhibition she had seen advertised to be held in a famous palace belonging to the Doria family, and last night had announced her intention of visiting it.

But when they had actually come to anchor in the harbour and lunch was over, it suddenly developed that Nancy was to be left out of the going-ashore party. The Countess wished to take her maid to the exhibition with a view to practical consultation on purchases of lace, and there was some mending which must be done that afternoon.

The all went off in the dinghy, with Borage as well. He had marketing to do.

Hiding her disappointment, Nancy smiled and waved them farewell, then returned to the big saloon, where the maid had left a workbasket and the articles to be repaired.

As she sat there, bent over her sewing, Payne came up with a tray of clean glassware and plate.

Another fine instalment on Monday.

Cadbury's Chocolates KING GEORGE ASSORTMENT

1/-
PER QTR
POUND



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ANOTHER HAT TRICK BY SMIRKE AT LEWES RACES

Victories on Aquatic, Katie and Played Out.

RHYTHM AGAIN.

Sale Ticket Too Good for Forerunner at Ayr.

Lewes races, the last fixture of the Sussex fortnight, opened yesterday under ideal conditions. For the second time in a week Smirke had the distinction of riding three winners in an afternoon, Aquatic, Katie and Played Out furnishing him with successful rides. It was also the last day of Canterbury cricket week. Chief features of the day's occurrences were—

Racing—Four favourites were successful at Lewes and three at Ayr. Donoghue drew nearer top place in the winning jockeys list with another two victors at the Southern meeting.

Cricket—Yorkshire secured their twenty-first win of the season—a record for the championship. Lancashire dismissed Notts—minus J. Gunn and Staples—for 61.

TO-DAY'S PROSPECTS.

Brisl's Chance in Lewes Handicap—Ayr Pointers.

By **BOUVIERE.**

A week's racing, that has been by no means distinguished, winds up at Lewes and Ayr this afternoon, with sport of the type that is forgotten as soon as it is over.

Two fairly interesting handicaps certainly figure on the card at the Sussex meeting, and it is by no means unlikely that the great Hogg will win them both—with Brisl and Dumas.

The former is up against some smart handicappers in Tomatin, Silvester and Tomahawk in the Lewes Handicap, but he has been very

SELECTIONS FOR LEWES.			
1.30.—FLINTHAM.	3.0.—GOLDEN WAY.		
2.0.—SUNDAY.	4.25.—DUMAS; H. ab.		
2.30.—RAMBLER.	TOYTAMA.		
2.30.—CODFORD.			
AYR.			
2.0.—RIBBLEDALE.	3.0.—MUNSTERS.		
2.30.—COCK CROW.	3.50.—MY BIRD.		
DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.			
RIBBLEDALE AND MUNSTERS' PRIDE.*			

consistent all the season, and 6st. 13lb. is not a big weight for such an improving three-year-old.

Both Tomatin and Silvester would probably appreciate a longer journey, and chief danger to Brisl may come from Tomahawk and Snell, the latter of whom runs in preference to Trosch-Girl.

DUMAS' ENGAGEMENTS.

Dumas is nicely handicapped on his best form in the Telcombe Handicap, but I notice he is engaged in a much more valuable race next week. If he runs to-day I think he will win. In his absence Toytama may be good enough.

Azmuth takes his chance in the Hamsay Welter, and it is probable that Lord Carnarvon, who has been riding him at exercise recently, will have an ideal mount for an amateur, and I prefer the speedy Golden Way.

Elliott was to have ridden Spring Running in the Maiden Stakes, but his Brighton mishap will necessitate other arrangements being made. In the circumstances Flintham, who has twice run well recently, may prove the pick.

Munster's Pride and Cock Crow are the only Newmarket runners at Ayr, and as Double Gift ran yesterday, the latter may be good enough to win the Kyle Plate. Munster's Pride appears to have an easy task in the Carrick Plate.

The locally-trained My Bird is expected to repeat a success at the previous meeting in the Eglington Handicap, but from all accounts there is likely to be stout opposition from Bold Knight.

COURSE AND TRAINING NEWS.

Points from Tattersall's, the Track and the Paddock.

Donoghue rides Snell and Flintham for the Duke of Portland at Lewes to-day.

The three-year-old Spring of Myrtle has left Ogbourne for shipment to Africa.

Elliott is making a satisfactory recovery from his fall on Peroration at Brighton on Thursday.

Spears, who was shaken by the fall of Alaric at Alexandra Park, hopes to be riding again in a few days.

Epimard, the Stewards' Cup winner, has arrived at Deauville. He competes in a race there on Wednesday.

Fancy Boy, who broke down during the race for the Stammer Plate at Brighton on Wednesday, has been destroyed.



Jack Sharp, the Lancashire captain, who played a great part in his side's recovery at Old Trafford.

SMIRKE'S LUCKY WEEK.

Ingham Resumes Riding at Lewes—Double for Donoghue.

Another fine performance by Smirke, who repeated his "hat trick" of Tuesday, was the outstanding feature of some interesting racing at Lewes yesterday. The youngster had only three mounts—Aquatic, Katie and Played Out—and all three were successful.

Beaten at Brighton earlier in the week, Katie was not so well backed as either Belize or Compiler in the De Warrenne Handicap, but she turned the tables on the latter in decisive fashion, and stayed on long enough to beat Charles Surface by a neck.

Kitsiway, as usual, showed a brilliant turn of speed in the early stages, but unfortunately there is no course short enough for her, and in the end she was pegged back into fourth place behind Pretty Dick.

Ingham resumed riding in the Wallands Handicap, and his mount, Muscadine, was a good favourite against the locally trained Billy Sunday. In the race, however, neither put up much opposition, and Aquatic gave Smirke winner No. 1.

After Katie's success the "hat trick" seemed assured, but it was a bit of a surprise to find Played Out and not Gay Angela saddled for the Astley Stakes. Both belong to Mr. Sol Joel, and as the latter had been sent from Newmarket she was generally regarded as the likely runner.

DONOGHUE GOING UP.

Two odds-on favourites—A Gentleman of France and Trajanus—gave Donoghue another fine winning jockeys' list, and now that Elliott unfortunately is out of action he appears very likely to again finish on top at the end of the season in spite of a poor start.

Argos Lass was the only one backed to beat A Gentleman of France in the Stammer Plate, but although she finished second her chance had gone from the moment Donoghue sent the favourite to the front at the entrance to the straight.

Jingu made a gallant attempt to win the Castle Plate, and in a field of twenty-one only went under by a short head to Grave and Gay, who got off in front and stayed there.

Fields were very much on the small side at Ayr. The Apprentice Stakes ended in a walk-over, and the other five races attracted but twenty-six runners. R. W. Coling had a couple of winners in Sale Ticket and Rhythm, both of which were good favourites.

BOUVIERE.

FOOTBALL'S FIRST KICK.

Preston's Six New Men in Time for To-day's Trial.

Several League football clubs will be holding their first practice matches to-day.

One of the most interesting trial games should be at Deepdale, in view of the fact that Preston North End yesterday announced the engagement of six more new players.

The chief new capture is Leslie Scott, the old Sunderland keeper, who spent last season with Stoke.

It is the intention to match the first team defence and Central League side's forwards against the reserve defenders and senior attack.

Arsenal, Clapton Orient and Brentford have trial matches in London to-day, Chelsea will hold one on Monday.

E. Wallington, a new outside right, who has been with Watford for the last two years, will play in the Arsenal practice match at Highbury to-day, kick-off, 3.30 p.m. All the new players will be on view.



A popular feature of Canterbury cricket week.

SPORTING POLICE.

City Guardians of Law and Order at Stamford Bridge To-day.

The athletic meeting of the City Police at Stamford Bridge to-day should attract good support. Police sports are notably well conducted, and the "City" fixture is one of the best of its kind.

In addition to many police events, there are six open contests, two Middlesex county championships, and two wrestling events. Entries are splendid, there being 102 in the 100 yards, 96 in the 220 yards, 52 and 97 to-day respectively in the half-mile and mile, and 55 in the walk.

A. R. Mills, the Marathon runner, sent an entry for the half-mile and mile which was received too late and was returned, but J. Shaddock and P. M. Black, in the half-mile, and M. R. D. Pugh and D. A. Treib, in the mile are promising competitors. Pugh is also entered in the Middlesex mile championship, and he should figure in a great race with G. J. Webber. The Middlesex hurdles championship has drawn five entrants, including F. R. Gaby, ship has drawn five entrants, including F. R. Gaby, the A.A.A. champion.

The back-markers in the sprint and furlong handicaps are E. J. Toms and G. Varney, and in the walk G. H. Watts, G. R. Goodwin, E. C. Horton and J. B. Belchamber will be the sprinters.

At Herne Hill the annual sports of the Gordon Hotel Club will be held. Two other meetings will be held at Herne Hill, the sports of the Royal Air Force Records Office, at Ruislip Aerodrome, and the Dagenham United Cricket and Athletic Club meeting.

WEEK-END ANGLING.

Good Sport with Bream on the Norfolk Broads.

The Thames is very low and bright as a result of the hot, dry weather, but anglers are making fair "mixed" baskets early and late. Dace, gudgeons, roach and perch have been principally caught, and some chub and barbel have been landed occasionally. A catch of over 50lb. of bream has been made by two anglers on Barton Broad (Norfolk), and some good bream have been taken in the Witham and drains near Boston (Lincolnshire).

DAVIS CUP LAWN TENNIS.

First Day's Honours Even in Tie Between Japan and Australia.

At the end of the first day's play in the American zone final of the Davis Lawn Tennis Cup competition between Australia and Japan, at Chicago, each country had won one match.

Shimizu (Japan) beat Hawkes (Australia) 6-4, 3-6, 2-6, 6-1, 6-4. Anderson (Australia) beat Fukuda (Japan) 6-1, 3-6, 6-2, 6-1.

MITCHELL IN FINAL.

Veteran Lawn Tennis Player to Meet J. M. Hillyard at Angmering.

M. J. G. Ritchie and J. M. Hillyard qualified for the final of the men's singles at the Angmering-on-Sea lawn tennis tournament yesterday. A battle of veterans was fought in the semi-final between Ritchie and H. R. Fussell, but the Working player was beaten by 6-2, 1-6, 6-2. Hillyard defeated the Cambridge University Blue, S. M. Hadi, with a score of 6-2, 1-6, 6-2.

Miss Rodocanachi beat Miss Gould without the loss of a game and now meets Mrs. Satterthwaite in the final of the women's singles, the latter having beaten Mrs. Crisp by 6-0, 6-3.

In the semi-final of the men's doubles J. M. Hillyard and W. Radcliffe beat G. Crole Rees and A. H. Fryce, and in the same event of the women's doubles Mrs. Satterthwaite and Miss Peggy Ingram were successful. The latter also entered the final of the mixed doubles partnered by W. Radcliffe.

WOMEN TOURISTS IN U.S.

The Englishwomen lawn tennis tourists have been drawn as follows in the American national championships: First quarter, Mrs. Beamish v. Miss Eleanor Sears; second quarter, Mrs. Clayton v. Miss Caroma Winn; third quarter, Miss McKane v. Miss Louise Dixon; fourth quarter, Mrs. Corvell v. Miss Gertrude Hopper. Mrs. Mallory drew a bye in the fourth quarter.

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YORKS' 21ST WIN.

Kent Beaten by Bowling of Guise and Stevens.

O'CONNOR'S GREAT STAND.

Bowlers came into their own again yesterday on wickets left moist by heavy showers overnight. Kent, who has made so many spectacular performances this season, again helped Sussex to win against Glamorgan by taking seven wickets for 56 in the Welsh county's second innings at Cardiff.

Those brilliant West Indian bowlers, Francis and Browne, went right through the Somerset second innings unchanged. Browne helped himself to six of the wickets for 66 and Francis claimed the other four for 58. In the whole match the tourists gave away only seven extras.

Yorkshire set up a new championship record by gaining their twenty-first victory yesterday. This is the first time such a number of wins has been scored by any club since the inauguration of the championship in 1873.

The champions' latest victims were Leicester, whose early play yesterday led no one to imagine that they were going to make a fight. Rhodes in England caused a rapid fall in wickets. Rhodes in particular bowled very well. The game was all over before lunch, Yorkshire having a margin of an innings and 74 runs.

SHARP'S CAREFUL BATTING.

Lancashire did well to score 203 on a tricky wicket at Old Trafford. The forceful batting of John Sharp and R. Tyldesley was very good to watch. The captain's innings of 44 was a factor in retrieving the unpromising overnight position.

Notts were then dismissed for 61, thanks to brilliant bowling by Tyldesley and Chalk. Makepeace and Hildesley did the runs necessary and gave Lancashire a ten-wickets win.

Middlesex defeated Kent with seven wickets in hand at Canterbury. J. H. Parsons and J. L. Guise converted a promising start by the home side into a steady procession. Guise disposed of John Ryland, Seymour, and H. R. Stevens in four overs and one ball for 9 runs. Middlesex were left to get 148 to win. This they did through forceful batting by F. R. Gaby, H. R. Stevens, and J. H. Parsons made a very welcome reappearance for Warwick against Northants, and out of a total of 227 for five, at which Calthorpe declared, he contributed 131, making 163 for the match.

When the Hants second innings closed at Leyton, they were left to get 181 to win with plenty of time in which to score. They started badly, however, and only O'Connor could play the bowling of Newman and Kennedy with confidence, and the burden of the match rested on his shoulders. With a fine century he carried the side to a very praiseworthy win by three wickets.

CRICKET SCORE BOARD.

LEICESTER v. YORKSHIRE—At Leicester. Leicester—First Innings: 129. Second Innings: 106. Ayr 27. G. Sawley 30. H. R. Stevens 47. Yorkshire—First Innings: 311. Yorkshire won by an innings and 74 runs.

GLoucester v. WORCESTER—At Bristol. Gloucester—First Innings: 353. Second Innings: 110. Worcester—First Innings: 185. Second Innings: 275. M. K. Foster 121. Fox 43. G. E. Abell 50. Bowling: Parker 6 or 78. Gloucester won by 5 wickets.

GLAMORGAN v. SUSSEX—At Cardiff. Sussex—First Innings: 191. Second Innings: 338. Glamorgan—First Innings: 107. Second Innings: 183. T. R. Morgan 25. Bates 52. T. Arnold 32. Bowling: Tate 7 or 56. Sussex won by 5 wickets.

ESSEX v. HAMPSHIRE—At Leyton. Hampshire—First Innings: 277. Second Innings: 204. Essex—First Innings: 129. Second Innings: 106. Essex won by 7 wickets.

KENT v. MIDDLESEX—At Canterbury. Kent—First Innings: 445. Second Innings: 159. J. L. Brown 55. G. J. H. Parsons 131. Middlesex—First Innings: 457. Second Innings: 146. Kent won by 7 wickets.

LANCASHIRE v. NOTTINGHAM—At Nottingham. Nottingham—First Innings: 203. Second Innings: 61. Bowling: Tyldesley (R.) 3 for 5, Hickmott 3 for 15. Lancashire—First Innings: 203. Second Innings: 61. Bowling: Tyldesley (R.) 3 for 5, Hickmott 3 for 15. Lancashire won by 15 wickets.

WARWICK v. SUSSEX—At Birmingham. Warwick—First Innings: 308. Second Innings: 227 for 5 (dec). Bates 29. J. H. Parsons 131. Quillo (W.) 25. Sussex—First Innings: 220. Second Innings: 132 for 5. Bellamy 39. W. W. Timms not 35. Match drawn.

SOMERSET v. W. INDIES—At Weston-super-Mare. Somerset—First Innings: 112. Second Innings: 150. P. Johnson 36. M. J. L. Lyon 21. W. Indes 4 for 58. Browne 6 for 66. West Indies won by 19 runs.

OTHER SPORT IN BRIEF.

To-night at the Ring—Fred Stanley and Stanley Glen met in the pointed contest at the Ring to-day. Baseball in London—The baseball game at Stamford Bridge at 3 p.m. tomorrow will be between the United States Shipping Board and the United States Navy.

British Legion Gala.—At Broomfield Park, Palmers Green, to-day, the Wood Green and Southgate Branch of the British Legion are holding a gala.

Boys' Lawn Tennis.—H. W. Austin, one of the most fancied competitors, won his match in the singles in the boys' lawn tennis championships at Devon Park, R. Ritchie, a son of M. J. G. Ritchie, was also successful.

Spurs Fined.—At a meeting of the Football League Management Committee Manchester yesterday, Tottenham Hotspur were fined £50 for signing a registered player of Coventry City last April, and Coventry City were fined £25 for failing to report it to the League.

North London Parks Lawn Tennis League matches to-day are—Central Division: Springfield v. Beckton Park, Lloyd's Park v. Clissold Park, Manor v. Millfield, Tottenham Division: Victoria Park v. Springfield, West Ham Recreation Ground v. Highbury Fields, Millfields v. Finsbury Park.

Cricket To-day.—The Oval, Surrey v. Middlesex (Ducat's benefit); Drishford, Yorks v. Derbyshire; Yorks v. Lancashire v. Hampshire; Nottingham, Notts v. Leicester; Birmingham, Warwick v. Sussex; Weston-super-Mare v. Somerset; Kent v. Worcester; Worcester v. Northampton; Cheltenham, Gloucester v. Essex.

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The Daily Mirror

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August 11th, 1923.

(CONTINUED)

"THE DAILY MIRROR" PETS' GREAT DAY AT BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE AND CANTERBURY



A big circle of friends of the pets at Minnes Bay, Birchington. They were all much interested in the new little house.



Pip went for a bathe at Westgate.



Squeak on an 'aeroplane' at Canterbury Carnival.



Pip found Birchington shrimping a delight.



Wilfred met strange folk at Canterbury.



Pip in the middle of a happy party on a wall at Westgate.

Pip, Squeak and Wilfred had a day yesterday at Birchington, Westgate and Canterbury that was crowded with incident. Pip seems to get more versatile every day. He went

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for a bathe with a charming companion, and then shrimping, and was envied because he did not need to change his clothes.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Wilfred and Pip cheer a little invalid at Birchington.